GREENES

Neuer too late.

Both parts.

Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen, to roote out the in-
fectious follies, that ouer-reaching conceits foster in
the spring time of their youth.

Desciphering in a true English History, those particular vanities, that
with their frostie vapours, nip the blossomes of euery braine, from
attayning to his intended perfection.

As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone, apt to race out
idlenesse with delight, and follie with admonition.

Rob. Greene, in artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum.

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To the right Worſhipfull, Thomas Burnaby, Eſquire: Robert Greene wiſheth encreaſe of all honourable vertues.

SVch (right Worſhipfull) as coueted to decke the Temple of *Delphos*, adorned the ſhrine, either with greene bayes, or curious inſtruments, becauſe *Apollo* did as well patronize Muſicke, as Poetry. When the *Troians* ſought to pacifie the wrath of *Pallas*, the peoples preſents, were Bookes and Launces, to ſignifie her Deitie, as well defended by letters, as armes. And they which deſired to be in the fauour of *Alexander*, brought him either wiſe Philoſophers, or hardie ſouldiers: for he ſought counſellers like *Ariſtotle*, and Captaines like *Perdicas*. Seing then how gifts are the more gratefully accepted, by how much the more they fit the humor of the partie. To gratifie your Worſhip with ſomething that might ſignify, how in al bounden dutie, I haue for ſundry fauours beene affected to your Worſhip, and finding my ability to be vnfit to preſent you with any thing of worth, at laſt I reſolued ſo farre to preſume, as to trouble your Worſhip with the patronage of this Pamphlet, knowing you are ſuch a *Mecenas* of learning, that you will as ſoone vouch with *Auguſtus* a few verſes, giuen by a poore Greeke, as of the Arabian Courſer, preſented by *Titinius*. The Booke is little, yet drawn from a large principle: *Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.* Wherein I haue diſcouered ſo artificially the fraudulent effects of *Venus* trumperies, and ſo plainely, as in a plat forme, laid open the preiudiciall pleaſures of loue, that Gentlemen may ſee, that as the Diamond is beauteous to the ſight, and yet deadly poyſon to the ſtomacke; that as the *Bacun* leafe containeth both the Antidote, and the Aconiton, ſo loue (vnleſſe onely grounded vpon vertue) breedeth more diſparagement to the credit, than content to the fancie. If then (right Worſhipfull) out of this confuſed Chaos, Gentlemen ſhall gather any principles, whereby to direct their actions, and that from raſh reſolute maintainers of *Venus* hereſies, they become reformed champions to defend *Peſtaes* philoſophies. Then all the profit and pleaſure that ſhall redound to them by this Pamphlet, ſhalbe attributed to your Worſhip, as to the man, by whoſe meanes this *Nunquam ſera* came to light. Hoping therefore, your Worſhip will with a fauourable inſight, enter more into the minde of the giuer, then the worth of the gift, I commit your Worſhip vnto the Almighty.

Your Worſhips humbly
to commaund.

Rob. Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

SVch (Gentlemen) as had their eares fild with the harmonie of *Orpheus* harpe, could not abide the harshe musicke of *Hiparchions* pipe, yet the *Thessalians* would allowe the poore Fidler licence to frolicke it among Shepheards. Though no pictures would go for currant with *Alexander*, but such as past through *Apelles* pensil, yet poore men had their houses shadowed with *Phidias* course colours. *Ennius* was called a Poet as wel as *Virgil*, and *Vulcane* with his polt foote frisket with *Venus* as wel as *Mars*.

Gentlemē, if I presume to present you, as hitherto I haue done, with friuolous toyes: yet for that I stretch my stringes as I can, if you praise me not with *Orphens*, hisse me not out with *Hiparchion*: If I paint not with *Apelles*, yet scrape not out my shadowes with disgrace: if I stirre my stumps with *Vulcan*, though it be lamely done, yet it is a dance: so, if my *Nunquam sera est* please not, yet I pray you passe it ouer with patience, and say, tis a booke. So hoping I shal find you as euer I haue done. I end,

Rob. Greene.

A Madrigall to wanton Louers.

YOV that by *Alcidations* filuer brooke,
Sit and ſigh out the paſſions of your loues,
That on your Goddeſſe beauties feede your lookes,
And pamper vp ſweet *Venus* wanton doues,
That ſeeke to ſit by *Cupids* ſcorching fire,
And dallie in the fountaine of deſire.

You that account no heauen like *Venus* ſphere,
That thinke each dimple in your Miſtris chin
Earthes Paradice, that deeme her golden haire,
Treſſes of bliſſe wherein to wander in:
That ſigh and court ſuppliant all to proue,
Cupid is God, and ther's no heauen but loue.

Come ſee the worke that *Greene* hath ſlilie wrought,
Take but his *Nunquam ſera* in your view,
As in a mirrour there is deepely taught,
The wanton vices of prowd fancies crew,
There is depainted by moſt curious arte,
How loue and follie iumpe in euery part.

There may you ſee repentance all in blacke,
Scourging the froward paſſions of fond youth,
How fading pleaſures end in diſmal wracke,
How Louers ioyes are tempred all with ruth,
Sith then his *Nunquam ſera* yeeldes ſuch gaines,
Reade it, and thank the Author for his paines.

Ralph Sidley.

Sepè etiam hortulanus vir valdè opportuna locutus est.

IF *Horace* Satyres merit mickle praiſe,
For taunting ſuch as liu'd in *Paphos* Ile,
If wiſe *Propertius* was in elder daies,
Laureat for figuring out fond *Venus* wile:
If *Rome* applauded *Ouids* pleaſing verſe,
That did the ſalues that medicine loue reherſe.

Then Engliſh Gentles ſtoope and gather bayes,
Make Coronets of *Floraes* prowdeſt flowers,
As gifts for *Greene*, for he muſt haue the praiſe,
And taſte the dewes that high *Parnaſſus* ſhowers,
As hauing leapt beyond olde *Horace* ſtraine,
In taunting Louers for their fruitleſſe paine.

His *Nunquam ſera* more conceits combines,
Than wanton *Ouid* in his arte did paint,
And ſharper Satyres are within his lines,
Than *Martial* ſung prowd *Venus* to attaint:
Read then his arte, and all his actions proue,
There is no follie like to fooliſh loue.

Richa: Flake, Gent.

Greenes *Nunquam ſera eſt.*

BEing reſident in Bergamo, not farre diſtant frõ Venice, ſitting vnder a faire ſhade that then ſhowded me frõ the extreame diſtemperature of the meridional heat, hauing neuer a booke in my hand to beguile time, nor no pathetical impreſſion in my head to procure any ſecret meditatiõ, I had ſtat fallen into a ſlumber, if I had not eſpied a trauailer, wearie, and deſolate to haue bended his ſteppes towards me. Deſirous to ſhake off drowſineſſe with ſome company, I attended his arriuall: but as he drew neere, he ſeemed ſo quaint in his attire, & ſo conceited in his countenance, as I deemed the man either ſome penitent pilgrim that was very religious, or ſome deſpairing louer that had ben too too affectionate. For thus take his deſcription.

An Ode.

Downe the valley can he tracke,
Bagge and bottle at his backe,
In a ſurcoate al of gray,
Such weare Palmers on the way,
When with ſcrip and ſtaffe they ſee,
Ieſus graue on *Calmaria*:
A hat of ſtraw like a ſwaine,
Shelter for the ſun and raine,
With a Scollop ſhel before:
Sandals on his feete he wore,
Legs were bare, armes vnclad:
Such attire the Palmer had,
His face faire, like *Tyrus* ſhine,
Gray and buſtome were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearles of ſorrow,

Euah

Such sweet teares loue doth borrow,
When in outward deawes she plaines,
Harts distresse that Louers paines:
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekes,
Such rare mixture *Venus* seekes,
When to keepe her Damsels quiet,
Beautie sets them downe their diet,
Adon was not thought more faire,
Curled lockes of amber haire:
Locks where loue did sit and twine,
Nets to snare the gazers eyne:
Such a Palmer ne're was seene,
Lesse Loue himselfe had Palmer beene.
Yet for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint.
Midst the riches of his face,
Griefe desciphred high disgrace:
Euery step straind a teare,
Sodaine sighes shewd his feare:
And yet his feare by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight.
That his passions did approue,
Weedes and sorrow were for loue.

Thus attired in his trauailing roabes, and leueld out in the lineaments of his phisnomie, (not seeing me that lay close in the thicket) hee sate him downe vnder a Beech tree, where after hee had taken vp his seate, with a sigh, he beganne thus to paint out his passions.

Unfortunate Palmer, whose weedes discouers thy woes, whose lookes thy sorrowes, whose sighes thy repentance: thou wandrest to bewaile thy sin, that hee to fore hast not wondred at the greatnes of sin, & seekest now by the sight of a strange land, to satisfie these follies committed in thy natiue home: Why, is there more grace in the East, then in the West? Is God more gracious in Iewrie, then merciful in England? more fauourable to Palmers for their trauel, then pitiful to sinners for their penance? No, be not so superstitious, lest thou mad bring his fauor

by

by circumstance, he punish thy faults in seueritie. Ah but the deepest vlcers haue the deepest corasiues: some sores cannot be cured but by *Sublimatum*, and some offences, as they begin in content, so they end in sacke-cloth. I weare not this Palmers gray, to challenge grace, nor seeke the holy Land, to countervaile the Law, nor am a Pilgrime to acquittance sinne with penance: but I content me in this habite, to shew the meeknes of my heart, & trauell through many Countries, to make other men learne to beware by my harmes. For if I come among youth, I will shewe them, that the sineſt buds are soneſt nipt with frosts, the sweetest flowers sorest eaten with Cankers, and the ripest and yongest wits soneſt ouerthrowne with follies. If I chance among Courtiers, I will tell them, that as the starre Artophilax is brightest, yet setteth soneſt, so their glories being most gorgeous, are dasht with sodaine ouerthrows. If amongſt Schollers, I will proue, that their philosophicall axioms, their quiddities of Logick, their aphorisines of Art, are dissolued with this definite period, *Omnia sub sole vanitas*. If among Louers (and with this the teares fell from his eyes, and the sighs flew from his heart, as if all should split againe:) If quoth he, (and he doubled his words with an Emphasis) I fall amongſt Louers, I will discipher to them, that their God is a boy, as fond as he is blind: their Goddesse a woman, inconstant, false, flattering, like the winds that rise in the shoares of *Lepanthus*, which in the morning send forth gusts from the North, and in the euening calmes from the West: that their fancies are like Aprill showers, begun in a Sun-shine, and ended in a storme: their passions deepe hell, their pleasures Chimeraes portraitures, sodaine ioyes, that appearing like Iuno, are nothing when Ixion toucheth them but dusky and fading clouds.

Heere he stopped, and toke his scrip from his backe, and his bottle from his side, and with such cates as he had, as Lemons Apricoks, and Oliues, he began a Palmers banquet: which digesting with a cup of wine well tempred with water, after euery draught he sighed out this, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*. When he had taken his repaſt, casting vp his eyes to heauen, as being thankeful for his benefites, and sorrowful for his sinnes, falling into a deepe meditation, after he had a while lien

as a man in a traunce, he ſtarted ſodainely, and with a halfe cheered countenaunce ſung out this Ode.

The Palmers Ode

OLde *Menalcas* on a day,
As in field this ſhepheard lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a ſtripe:
Said to *Coridon*, that hee
Once was yong and full of glee,
Blithe and wanton was I then,
Such deſires follow men.
As I lay and kept my ſheepe,
Came the God that hateth ſleepe,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with Queene *Deſire*:
And with a dart that wounded me,
Pierſt my hart as I did lie:
That when I woke I gan ſweare,
Phillis beauty palme did beare.
Vp I ſtart, forth went I,
With her face to feede mine eye:
There I ſaw *Deſire* ſit,
That my heart with *Loue* did hit,
Laying forth bright *Beauties* hookes
To intrap my gazing lookes.
Loue I did, and gan to woe,
Pray and ſigh, all would not doe:
Women when they take the toy
Couet to be counted coy.
Coy was ſhe, that I gan court,
She thought *Loue* was but a ſport.
Profound Hell was in my thought,
Such a paine *Deſire* had wrought.
That I ſued with ſighes and teares,
Still ingrate ſhe ſtopt her eares,
Till my youth I had ſpent:

Laſt

Laſt a paſsion of *Repent*,
Told me flat, that *Deſire*
Was a brand of *Loues* fire,
Which conſumeth men in thrall,
Vertue, youth, wit, and all,
At this Saw, backe I ſtart,
Beat *Deſire* from my hart,
Shooke off *Loue* and made an oath,
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when I thus fled
Such fond toyes as cloyd my head.
But this I learn'd at *Vertues* gate,
The way to God is neuer late.
Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.

As ſoone as he had ended his Ode, he fell to his olde principle *Nunquam ſera eſt:* and confirming it with a ſigh, he roſe vp, and was readie to depart towards *Bergamo* to take vp his lodging, for the ſunne was declining towards the Weſt.

But I deſirous to ſearch further into this paſſionate palmer, croſſe him the way with his ſalutation: Palmer (for ſo thy apparel diſcouers) and penitent, if the inward hart agrée with thy outward paſſions, if my queſtions may not aggrauate thy griefe, nor my demaund be tedious to thy trauels, let me craue of courteſie whither thou doſt bend the end of thy pilgrimage, that if thou béeſt ſtept awry, I may direct thée, or if thou knoweſt the Countrey, I may wiſh *boon fortune* to thy iourney, for I haue all my life time coueted to be faithfull to my friends, and curteous to ſtrangers. The Palmer (amazed at my ſodaine ſalutation) ſtept backe and bent his browes, as if he feared ſome preiudice, or were offended at my preſence: but when he ſaw me weaponleſſe, and without company, and yet ſo affable in words, and *debonaire* in exterior curteſies as might import a Gentleman, he deuoutly mowed his bonnet of gray, and made this reply:

Gentleman (for no leſſe you ſéeme) if the flower may bée knowne by ſmel, or the man by his words: I am a Palmer, diſcouered by my gray, and penitent, if you note my greéfe, which ſorrow is as effectuall, as my attire is little counterfait, the di-

rection of my iourney is not to Ierusalem: for my faith tels mée, Christ can dew as great fauour downe in England, as in Iericho: & prayers are not heard for the place, but in the behalfe of the person heartily repentant. My native home is England, the end of my iourney is Venice, where I meane to visite an olde friend of mine, an Englishman, to whome I haue béene long time indebted, and now meane partly to repay with such store as I haue bought with hard experience. This night I will rest in the next village: and thus I hope sir you rest satisfied.

This answere of the Palmer made me the more desirous to enquire into his state, that I entreated him I might be host to such a guest: and séeing I was resident in Bergamo, where that night he meant to harbour, such lodging as a Country gentleman could affoord, and such chéere as such a village might on the sodaine yéeld, should be at his command.

Well could this Palmer skill of courtesie, and returning mée many thankes, bought of my proffer, and was willing to take my house for his Inne. As we past on the way, we chanced to fall into prattle thus. Sir (quoth I) if I might with many questions not be offensiue, I would faine be inquisitiue to knowe, as you haue passed along France, Germany, and Rhine, & part of Italy, what you haue noted worthy of memory. Mouing his cap as a man that was passing curteous, he answered thus: I tell you sir (quoth he) as a foolish question merits silence, so a familiar demaund craues a friendly reply of duty, although Zeno the Philosopher counted it more honour, to bée a silent naturalist, then an eloquent Orator. But as I am not a Gimnosophist, to iangle at euery Sophisticall obiection: So I am not a seuere Stoike, to answere but by syllables: and therefore thus to your question.

After I had cutte from Douer to Calice, I remembred what olde Homer writ of Vlysses, that hée coueted, not onely to sée strange Countries, but with a déepe insight to haue a view into the maners of men: so I thought, as I passed through Paris, not onely to please mine eye with the curious Architecture of the building, but with the diuers disposition of the Inhabitants. I found therefore the Court (for I aime first at the fairest) to haue a King, fit for so royall a Regiment, if he had béene as perfect in

true

true religion, as politique in martiall discipline: the Courtiers, they, as Aristippus, fawned vppon Dionysius, turning like to the Camelion, into the likenesse of euery obiect that the king proffered to their humorous conceits, for if the king smiled, euery one in the court was in his iolity, if he frowned, their plumes fell like the Peacockes feathers, so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions. Generally so, but particularly thus: the French gentlemen are amorous, as some perswaded by the beauty of their mistresse, to make a braule, as for the maintenance of Religion, to enter armies: their eyes are like Salamander stones, that fire at the sight of euery flame, their hearts as quesasie as the mineralles of Ætna that burne at the heate of the sun, and are quencht with the puffe of euery wind. They count it courtlike, to spend their youth in courting of Ladies, and their age in repenting of sinnes, yet more forward in the one, than deuout in the other. They bandy glaunces vpon euery face, and as though they would approue euery passion for a principle, they set downe the period with a deepe sigh: yet, as the breath of a man vpon steele, no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, so is the beginning and ending of their loues.

Thus much for their Amours. Now for their Armes, they be hardy souldiers, and resolute, for their faith, friendship, religion, or other particular qualities, for there is a league betwixt vs and them, I will spare to speake, lest in being satyricall, I should plod too farre with Diogenes, or in flattring their faults, or their follies, I should claw a fooles shoulder with Davus in Terence: skipping therefore from them to the Germans. Nay, stay sir (quoth I) before you passe the Alpes, giue me leaue to hold you an houre still in Lions, for though you be a palmer, and religious, yet I hope such deepe deuotion rested not in you, but an ounce of Venus fauours hang in your eyes, and when you had spent the morning in orisons, you could in the afternoone lend a glaunce to a faire Lady. The eagle soares not so high in the ayre, but she can espie a little fish in the sea: the sunne in Cancer goes retrograde, the coldest clime hath his summer, and Apollo was neuer so stoycall, but *semel in anno* he could let fall a smile, and the most seuere pilgrime or palmer hath an eye as well as a heart, and a looke to lend to beauty, as a thought to

bend to Theologie: therefore, I pray you, what thinke you of the French-women? At this question, although his grauitie was great, yet with a pleasant countenance he made this reply: Although fire is hote, as wel in the coldest region of the North, as in the furthest Southerne paralell: the grasse of the same colour in Ægypt as it is in Iewrie, and womē whersoeuer they bée bred, be *mala necessaria*, yet though their generall essence bée all one as comming from Eua, and therefore froward, inconstant, light, amorous, deceitfull, and *quid non*? better deciphered by Mantuan, then I can make description of: yet as the Diamonds in India be more hard then the Cornish stones in England: as the Margarites of the West are more orient then the Pearles of the South, so womens affections are affected after the disposition of the clime wherein they are borne: although Auicen in his Aphorismes sets downe this conclusion, that thornes no where grow without prickes, nor nettles, without stings: but leauing off this preamble: thus to your question. The Women in France generally, as concerning the exterior lineaments of their outward perfection, are beautifull, as béeing Westernly seated néere great Britanie, where Nature sits and hatcheth beauteous Paramours: yet although, *natura naturans*, hath shewed her cunning in their portratures, as women that thinke nothing perfect that Arte hath not polished, that haue drugges of Alexandria, minerals of Ægypt, waters from Tharsus, paintings from Spaine, and what to do forsoth? To make them more beautiful then vertuous, and more pleasing in the eies of men, then delightful in the sight of God: this is but their exteriour vanity that blemisheth their inward vertues, if they haue any. But more to their interiour inclination. Some, as if they were votaries vnto Venus, and at their natiuities had no other influence, take no pleasure but in amorous Passions, no delight but in Madrigals of Loue, wetting Cupids wings with rosewater, and tricking vp his quiuer with swéete perfumes, they set out their faces as Fowlers doe their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest, may stoope soonest; assone as the more louing soles are wrapt within their nets, then they sue with sighes, and pleade with Sonnets, faine teares, & paint out passions to winne her, that seeming to bée coy, comes at the first

lure:

lure: for when they see yong novices intrapt, then the French dames are like to the people Hyperborei, that spurning liquorice with their feete, secretly slacke their hunger with the iuyce thereof: so they outwardly seeming to contemne their futours motions, stand in deadly feare lest they should leaue off their amorous passions: so that they haue loue in their eye-liddes, so slenderly tacked on by fancy, as it drops off with euery dreame, and is shakt off with euery vaine slumber. Some of them are as Sappho was, suttle to allure, and slippery to deceiue, hauing their hearts made of wax, ready to receiue euery impression, not content till they haue as many louers as their hearts haue entrances for loue, and those are like to pumice stones that are light and full of holes. Some are as inconstant as Cressida, that be Troylus neuer so true, yet out of sight, out of minde: and as soone as Diomede begins to court, shee like Venetian traffiques, is for his peny, currant *à currendo*, sterling coyne passable from man to man in way of exchange. Others are as Lidia, cruell, whose harts are hammered in the forge of pride, thinking themselues too good for all, and none worthy of them, and yet oft times nestling all day in the Sunne with the Beetle, are at night contented with a cowherd for shelter. These haue eyes of Basiliskes, that are preiudiciall to euery obiect, and hearts of Adamant, not any way to be pierced: and yet I thinke, not dying maides, nor leading Apes to Hell: for Vestaes sacrifice ceased long since in Rome, & virgins are as rare as black Swans: opportunitie is a sore plea in Venus court, able, I tell you, to ouerthrow the copest she that is. I could inferre more particular instances, and distinguish more at large of the French Gentlewomen: but let mee leaue them to their humorous vanities, and resolue our selues, that Ireland doth not onely bring forth Wolues, nor Ægypt Crocodiles, nor Barbarie Leopardes, nor France such qualified women; but as the earth yeelds weeds as well in the lowest valleyes, as in the highest mountaines, so women are vniuersally *mala necessaria*, wheresoeuer they be either bred or brought vp. With this conclusiue period hee breathed him: and I could not but smile to see the Palmer shake his head at the fondnesse of women, as a man that had beene galled with their ingratitude. Well, after hee pausd a little, hee left

France, and beganne to talke of Germany, and that was thus: After I had left Lions, I passed by the Alpes, and coasted into Germany, whereas I found the country seated vnder a colde clime, so I perceiued the people high minded, & fuller of words then of curtesie, giuen more to drinke then to deuotion: and yet sundry places stuffed with Schismes and Heresies, as people that delight to bee factious. There might you see their interior vanities more than their outward apparell did import, and oft times their vaunts more than their manhood. For Ioue, as I saw Venus of no great account, yet shee had there a Temple, and though they did not beautify it with Iewels, they plainly powred forth such Orisons as did bewray: though they could not court it as the French did with Art, yet their lust was not lesse, nor their liues more honest. Because the people were litle affable, I grew not so farre inquisitiue to their manners and customes, but *sicco pede* past them ouer, so that I traueled vp as farre as Vienna, where I saw a thing worthy of memory. In a valley betweene two high mountaines, topt with trees of meruailous verdure, where by ran a fountaine pleasant, aswell for the murmure of the streames, as for the sweetnesse of waters, there was scituated a little Lodge artificially built, and at the dore, a man of very great grauitie, & no lesse age, sate leaning vpon his staffe, so to take the benefit of the aire and the Sunne: his haires were as white as the threeds of silke in Arabia, or as the Palme trees on the mount of Libanus: many yeares had made furrows in his face, where Experience sate and seemed to tell forth Oracles: Deuotion appeared in his habite, and his outward cloth discoursing his inward heart, that the old Hermite seemed in the world a resolute despiser of the world. Standing a while and wondring at this old man, at last all reuerence done that his yeares did require, or my youth was bound vnto, after salutations I questioned him of the order of his life: who answered me with such curtesie and humilitie, as I perceiued in his words the perfect Idea of a mortified man. After sundry questions broken with *pro & contra*, at last he took me by the hand and carried mee into his Cell, where I found not those Vtensills which Tully sayes are necessary to be in euery Cottage, but I found bookes, and that of Theologie: a drinking cup, & that was

full

full of water: a dead mans skull, an houre glasse, and a Bible: thus only was his house garnished. After he had sate downe a little, he loked me very earnestly in the face, as a man that had some skill in phisiognomie, to censure of the inward qualities by the outward appearance: at last, in rough high Dutch verses hee thus breathed out his opinion, which I drew thus into blancke verse.

The Hermites Exordium.

Here looke my sonne for no vaine glorious shewes,
Of royall apparition for the eye,
Humble and meeke befitteth men of yeeres,
Behold my Cel, built in a silent shade,
Holding Content for pouerty and peace.
And in my lodge, is fealty, and faith,
Labor and Lotte vnited in one league.
I want not, for my minde affoordeth wealth:
I know not Enuy, for I clime not hie:
Thus doe I liue, and thus I meane to die.

Then he kept to his shelfe, and takes downe a Deaths head, wheron loking, as a man that meditated vpon some deep matter, he shooke his head, and the teares standing in his eyes, hee prosecuted his matter thus.

If that the world presents illusions,
Or Sathan seekes to puffe me vp with pompe,
As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:
Then see, my sonne, where I haue in my Cell,
A dead mans skull, which calls this straight to minde,
That as this is, so must my ending be.
When then I see, that earth to earth must passe,
I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grasse,

After he had thus explained the reason why he kept the dead mans skull in his Cell, he reacht to his houre glasse, and vpon that he began thus to descant.

If care to liue, or sweet delight in life,
As man desires to see out many dayes,

Drawes me to liſten to the flattering world,
Then ſee my glaſſe which ſwiftly out doth runne,
Comparde to man, who dies ere he begins.
This tels me, time ſlacks not his poaſting courſe,
But as a glaſſe runnes out with euery houre,
Some in their youth, ſome in their weakeſt age,
All ſure to die, but no man knowes his time.
But this I thinke, how vaine a thing is man,
Whoſe longeſt life is likened to a ſpan?

Laſtly, he toke his Bible in his hand, whereupon leaning his arme, he amplified thus,

When Sathan to ſift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to giue a fierce aſſault,
To make a ſhipwracke of my faith with feares,
Then armde at all poin ts to withſtand the foe
With holy armour: heres the martiall ſword:
This booke, this Bible, this two-edged blade,
Whoſe ſweet content pierceth the gates of hell:
Deſciphering lawes and diſcipline of warre,
To ouerthrow the ſtrength of Sathans iarre.

Thus the Hermite diſcouered to me the ſecrets of his Cell: and after, that I ſhould be priuie to all his pathetickall conceits, he brought forth a few rotes, and ſuch ſimple diet as he had, to confirme that he tyed Nature euery way within her limites: wondring at the methode he vſed in his Cell, after I had taken my repaſt with him as we met courteouſly, we parted friendly, hee with exhortations to be ware of youths fallies, I with thanks and reuerence to his aged yeares, for his graue and fatherly perſwaſion: ſo I went from his Cell to Vienna, & from thence coaſted vp into the borders of Italie.

The Palmer had ſcarce named Italy, but we were come to my houſe, where I gaue him ſuch entertainment, as either the abilitie of my ſubſtaunce, the plenty of the country, or the ſhortneſſe of the time could affoord: and becauſe I would euery way grace him, I brought downe my wife to giue him a royall welcome, a fauour ſeldome ſhewed in Italie: yet becauſe he was a

Palmer,

Palmer, and his profession valued beautie at a light price, I did him that grace. To be short, at last we sate downe to supper, and there past the time with such pleasing chat, as the pleasant Palmer pleased to conferre vpon. Supper done, I desired the Palmer to discourse (if it were not offensiue) what reason moued him to direct his Pilgrimage only to Venice. Raising himselfe vp with a smeling countenaunce, he made this reply.

Courteous Gentleman, for somuch your affable and liberall disposition doth approue, Iupiter when he was entertained by poore Baucis, accounted ingratitude so heynous, as he turned their Cottage to a Temple, and made them sacrificers at his Altars: Hospitalitie is so pretious, as no price may value. Then if I should not grant any lawfull demand, I might seeme as little pliant to humanitie, as you liable to courtesie: and therefore, if the Gentlewoman your wife and you wil sit vppe to heare the discourles of a trauceller, I will first rehearse you an English History, acted and ruented in my countrey of England: but for that the Gentleman is yet liuing, I will shaddow his name, although I manifest his follies, and when I haue made relation, I will shew why I directed the course of my Pilgrimage, only to Venice. My wife by her countenance seemed to be maruelous content, and my selfe kept silence. Whereuppon the Palmer began as followeth.

The Palmers Tale.

IN those dayes when Palmerin raigned King of great Britanie, famoused for his deedes of Chiualry, there dwelled in the Cittie of Cantbrancke, a Gentleman of an auncient house, called Francesco, a man, whose parentage, though it were Worshippefull, yet it was not indued with much wealth: insomuch, that his learning was better then his reuenewes, & his wit more beneficiall then his substance. This Segnior Francesco, desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable Porte, spread no more cloth in the winde than might make easie saile, lest hoysting vp too sodainely aboue the maine yard, some sodaine gust might make him founder in the deep. Though

he were yong, yet he was not rash with Icarus, to soare into the skie, but to cry out with old Dedalus, *Medium tenere tutissimum:* treading his thoe without any slippe. He was so generally loued of the cittizens, that the richest Merchant or grauest Burghmaster would not refuse to graunt him his daughter in mariage, hoping more of his insuing fortunes, then of his present substance. At last, casting his eye on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbranck, he fell in loue, and prosecuted his sute with such affable courtesie, as the maide considering the vertue and wit of the man, was consent to set vp her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might bee at the knitting vp of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe cocksure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Citie might carrie awaie more then a countrey gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunity, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters mariage. The old churle that listned with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in vtramuis aurew dormire*, but leaning on his elbow, made present answere, that her dowrie required a greater, feofment then his lands were able to afford. And vpon that, without further debating of the matter, he rose vp and hied him home, whither as soone as he came, hee called his daughter before him, whose name was *Isabell*, to whome he vttered these wordes. Why huswife (quoth hee) are you so idle tasked, that you stand vpon thornes vntill you haue a husband? are you no sooner hatched with the Lapwing, but you will runne away with the shell on your head? Soone prickes the tree that will prooue a thorne, and a girle that loues too soone, will repent too late. What, a husband? why the maids of Rome, durst not looke at Venus Temple still they were thirtie, nor went they vnmasked till they were married, that neither their beauties might allure other, nor they glance their eies on euerie wanton. I tell thee fond girle, when Nilus ouerfloweth before his time, Ægypt is plagued with a dearth: the trees that blossome in February, are nipped with the frosts in May, vntimely fruits had neuer good fortune, and young Gentlewomen, that are wooed and won ere they be wise, sorrow and repent before they be old. What seest thou in Francesco, that thine eye must chose, and thy heart must fancie? Is he beautifull? Why

fond

fond girle, what the eye liketh at morne, it hateth at night: loue is like a bauen, but a blaze and beauty, why how can I better compare it than to the gorgeous Cedar, that is onely for shew, & nothing for profit: to the Apples of Tantalus, that are precious in the eye, and dust in the hand: to the starre Artophilax, that is most bright, but sitteth not for any compasse: so young men that stand vpon their outward portraiture, I tell thee they are preiudiciall: Demophoon was faire, but how dealt he with Phillis? Æneas was a brane man, but a dissembler: fond girle, all but little worth if they be not wealthy: And I pray thee, what substance hath Francesco to indue thee with? Hast thou not heard that want breakes amity, that loue beginneth in gold, and endeth in beggery: that such as marry but to a faire face, tie themselues oft to a soule bargaine? And what wilt thou doe with a husband that is not able to maintaine thee? Buy forsoth a dram of pleasure with a pound of sorrow, and a pint of content with a whole tunne of preiudiciall displeasures? But why do I cast stones into the ayre, or breathe my words into the winde, when to perswade a woman from her will, is to roule Sisiphus stone: or to tie a headstrong girle from loue, is to tie the Furies again in Fetters? Therefore huswife, to preuent al misfortunes, I will be your Jaylor. And with that he carried her in and shut her vp in his owne chamber, not giuing her leaue to depart, but when his key gaue him license, yet at last shee so cunningly dissembled, that she got thus farre liberty, not to be close prisoner, but to walk about the house: yet euery night hee shut vp her clothes, that no nightly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers.

Where leauing her, let vs returne to Francesco, who to his sorrow heard of al these hard fortunes: and being pensiue, was full of many passions, but almost in despayre, as a man that durst not come nigh her fathers doore, nor send any letters wherby to comfort his Mistresse, or to lay any plot of her liberty: for no sooner any stranger came thither but he suspitious they came from Francesco, first sent vp his daughter into her Chamber, then, as watchfull as Argus with all his eies, he prayed into euery particular gesture and behauiour of the partie; and if any iealous humor tooke him in the head, hee would not onely be ve-

rie inquisitiue with cutting questions, but would straine curtesies, and search them very narrowly, whether they had any letters or no to his daughter Isabell.

This narrow inquisition made the poore Gentleman almost frantick, that he turned ouer *Anacreon*, *Ouid de Arte Amandi*, and all bookes that might teach him any sleights of loue: but for all their principles, his owne wit serued him for the best shift, and that was happily begun, and fortunately ended thus. It chanced, that as he walked thus in his mules, fetching the compasse of his conceit beyond the Moone, he met with a poore Woman, as her custome was, began her *exordium* with, I pray god Maister, and so forth, hoping to find the Gentleman as liberall, as he was full of gratious fauours: neither did she misse of her imagination, for he that thought her likely to be drawne on to the executing of his purpose, conceited thus, that gold was as god as glew to knit her to any practise whatsoeuer, and therefore out with his purse, and clapt her in the hand with a French-crowne. This vnaccustomed reward made her more franke of courtesies, that euery rag reacht the Gentleman a reuerence, with promise of many prayers for his health. He that harped on another string tooke the woman by the hand, and sitting downe vpon the græn-grasse, discouered vnto her from point to point the beginning and sequel of his loues, and how by no meanes (except by her) he could conuay any letter. The begger desirous to do the Gentleman any pleasure, said shee was ready to take any paines that might redound to his content.

Whereupon he replied thus: Then mother, thou shalt goe to yonder abby which is her fathers house, and when thou commest thither, vse thy wonted eloquence to intreat for thy alms: if the Maister of the house be present, shew thy passport, and serue very passionate: but if hee bee absent or out of the way, then, oh then mother, looke about if thou seest Diana masking in the shape of a Virgine, if thou spiest Venus, nay one more beautifull then loues Goddesse, and I tell thee shee is my loue, faire Isabel, whom thou shalt discerne from her other sister thus: her visage is faire, containing as great resemblance of vertue, as lineaments of beautie, and yet I tell thee, she is full of fauour, whether thou respects

spects the outward portrature or inward perfection: her eie like the Diamond, and so pointed that it pearceth to the quicke, yet so chaste in the motion as therein is seene, as in a mirrour, courtesie tempred with a vertuous disdaine: her countenance is the very map of modestie: & to giue thée a more néere marke, if thou findest her in the way, thou shalt see her more liberall to bestow, than thou pittifull to demaund: her name is Isabel: to her from me shalt thou carry a letter, foulded vp euery way like a pasport, with a greasie backside, & a great seale. If cunningly and closely thou canst thus conuey vnto her the tenour of my mind, when thou bringest vnto mée an answere, I will giue thée a brace of Angels. She poore woman was glad of this proffer, and thereupon promised to venture a ioynt, but shée woulde further him in his loues: whereupon shée followed him to his chamber, and the while he writ a letter to this effect.

Segnior Francesco to faire Isabel.

WHen I note (faire *Isabel*) the extremity of thy fortunes, & measure of the passions of my loue, I finde that Venus hath made thee constant to requite my miseries, and that where the greatest onsette is giuen by Fortune, there is strongest defence made by affection: for I heard, that thy father, suspitions, or rather iealous of our late vnited simpathie, doth watch like Argus ouer Io, not suffering thee to passe beyond the reach of his eye, vnlesse (as hée thinks) thou shouldst ouer reach thy selfe. His minde is like the Tapers in Ianus Temple, that set once on fire, burne till they consume themselues: his thoughts like the Sunne beames, that search euery secret. Thus watching thee, he ouerwaketh himselfe, and yet (I hope) profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Ætna, which vanish out of their sight in smoake.

I haue heard them say, (faire Isabell) that as the Diamonds are tried by cutting of glasse, the Topace by biding the force of the anuile, the Kethin wood by the hardnesse, so womens excellence is discouered in their constancie. Then if the period of all their vertues consist in this, that they take in loue by moneths, and let it slip by minutes, that as the Tortoise they creep

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pedetentim, and when they come to their reſt, will hardly be remoued. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loues the very pattern of feminine loyaltie, hauing no motion in thy thoughts, but fancie, and no affection, but to thy Franceſco. In that I am ſtopped from thy ſight, I am depriued of the cheefeſt organ of my life, hauing no ſence in my life perfect, in that I want the viewe of thy perfection, ready with ſorrow to periſh in deſpaire, if reſolued of thy conſtancie, I did not triumph in hope. Therefore now reſts it in thee to ſaue all theſe fores, and prouide medicines for theſe daungerous maladies, that our paſſions appeaſed, we may end our harmony in the faithfull vnion of two harts. Thou ſeeſt Loue hath his ſhifts, and Venus quiddities are meſt ſubtile Sophiſtry, that he which is touched with beautie, is euer in league with opportunitie: theſe principles are prooued by the meſſenger, whoſe ſtate diſcouers my reſtleſſe thoughts, impatient of any longer repulſe. I haue therefore ſought to ouermatch thy father in pollicie, as he ouer-ſtraines vs in iealouſie, and ſeeing he ſeekes it, to let him finde a knot in a rush: as therefore I haue ſent thee the ſumme of my paſſions in the forme of a paſport, ſo returne me a reply wrapt in the ſame paper, that as wee are forced to court our deceits in one ſhift, ſo hereafter we may vnite our loues in one ſimpathy: appoint what I ſhall do to compaſſe a priuate conference. Thinke I will account of the Seas as Leander: of the Warres as Troylus: of all daungers as a man reſolued to attempt any perill, or breake any preiudice for thy ſake. Say, when, and where I ſhall meete thee, and ſo, as I begun paſſionately, I breake off abruptly. Farewell.

Thine in fatall reſolution,
Seigneur Franceſco.

After he had written the letter, & diſpatcht the meſſenger: her mind was ſo fired on the brace of Angels, that ſhe ſtirred her old ſtumps till ſhe came to the houſe of Seigneur Fregoſo, who at that inſtant was walkt abroad, to take viewe of his paſtures. Shee no ſooner began her method of begging with a ſolemne prayer, and a *pater noſter*. And Iſabel, whoſe deuotion

was

was euer bent to pitty the powre, came to the doore, to see the necessity of the party, who began to salute her thus. Faire Mistris, whose vertues excede your beauties, and yet I doubt not but you deeme your perfection equivalent with the rarest paragons in Brittanie: as your eye receives the obiect of my misery, so let your hart haue an inſight into my extreamities, who once was young, and then fauoured by fortune, now old and crossed by the destinies, driuen when I am weakest, to the wall, and when I am worst able, forst to hold the candle: Seeing then the faults of my youth haue forst the fall of mine age, and I am driuen in the winter of my yeares, to abide the brunt of all stormes, let the plenty of your youth pitty the want of my decrepite state: and the rather, because my fortune was once as high as my fall is now lowe: for prowe, sweet Mistris, see my passport, wherein you shall find my passions & much patience: at which period, making a courtesie, her very rags seemed to giue Isabel reuerence. She hearing the beggar insinuate with such a sensible preamble, thought the woman had had some good parts in her, & therefore toke her certificate: which as sone as she had opened, and that she perceiued it was Francescoes hand, she smiled, and yet bewrayed a passion with a blush. So that stepping frō the woman, she went into her chamber, where she read it ouer with such pathetical impressions, as euery motion was intangled with a dilemma: for on the one side, the loue of Francesco grounded more on his inferiour vertues, then his exteriour beauties, gaue such fierce assaults to the bulwarke of her affections, as the Fort was ready to be yelded vp: but that the feare of her Fathers displeasure, armed with the inſigations of nature, draue her to meditate thus with herselfe.

Now Isabel, Loue and fortune haue brought thée into a labyrinth, thy thoghts are like Ianus pictures, that present both peace and warre, and thy mind like Venus Anuile, whereon is hammered both Feare and Hope: Sith then the chance lieth in thine owne choyce, do not with Medea see and allow of the best, and then follow the worst: but of two extreames, if they be *Immediata*, chose that may haue least preiudice and most profite. Thy father is aged, and wise, and many yeares hath taught him much experience. The olde Fore is more subtle than the

young Cub, the Bucke more skilfull to chose his foode than the young Fawnes. Men of age, feare and foresee that which youth leapeth at with repentance. If then his graue wisdome exceedes thy greene wit, and his ripened fruites thy sprouting blossomes, thinke if he speake for thy auaile, as his principles are perfect, so they are grounded on Loue and Nature. it is a neere collop, sayes he, is cut of the owne flesh, and the stay of thy fortunes, is the staffe of thy life: no doubt he sees with a more piercing iudgement into the life of Francesco: for thou ouercome with fancie, censurest of all his actions with partialitie. Francesco, though he be young and beautifull, yet his reuenewes are not answerable to his fauours: the Cedar is faire, but vnfruitfull, the Volgo a bright streame but without fish: men couet rather to plant the Oliue for profit, than the Alder for beauty, and young Gentlewomen should rather fancy to liue, than affect to lust: for loue without lands, is like to a fire without fewell, that for a while sheweth a bright blaze, and in a moment dieth in his owne cinders. Dost thou thinke this, Isabel, that thine eye may not surfet so with beautie, that the minde shall vomite vp repentance-yes, for the fairest Roses haue prickes, the purest lawnes their moles, the brightest Diamonds their crackes, and the most beautiful men of the most imperfect conditions, for nature hauing care to pollish the body so faire, ouerweenes herselfe in her excellency, that she leaues their minds imperfect. Whither now Isabel, into absurd Aphorismes? What can thy father perswade thee to this, that the most glorious shels haue not the most orient margarites, that the purest flowers haue not the most perfect sauours, that men, as they excel in proportion of body, so they exceede in perfection of minde? Is not nature both curious and absolute, hiding the most vertuous minds in the most beautifull couertures? Why what of this, fond girle? Suppose these promises to be granted, yet they infer no conclusion, for suppose hee be beautifull and vertuous, and his wit is equall with his parentage, yet he wants wealth to maintaine Loue, and therefore sayes old Fregoso, not worthy of Isabels loue. Shall I then tie my affection to his Lands or to his lineaments? To his riches, or his qualities? Are Venus altars to be filled with golde, or loyalty of harts? Is the simpathy of Cupids consistory united

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in the aboundance of coyne : or the absolute perfection of constancy? Ah *Isabell*, thinke this, that loue brooketh no exception of want, that where Fancie displayes her colours, there alwayes either Plenty kéeps her court, or else Patience so tempers euery extreame, that all defects are supplied with content. Uppon this, as hauing a farther reach, and a déeper insight, she stept hastily to her standish, and writ him this answer.

Isabell to *Francesco*, health.

ALthough the nature of a Father, and the dutie of a childe might moue me resolutely to reiect thy letters, yet I receiued them, for that thou art Francesco, and I Isabell, who were once priuate in affection, as now we are distant in places. But know, my Father, whose command to me is a law of constraint sets downe this censure, that loue without health, is like to a Cedar trée without fruite, or to corne sowne in the sandes, that withereth for want of moysture : and I haue reason Francesco to déeme of snow by the whitenes, and of trées by the blossoms. The olde man whose woordes are Oracles tells me that loue that entereth in a moment, flyeth out in a minute, that mens affections are like the deaw vppon a Christall, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off: their eyes with euery glaunce make a new choice, and euery looke can commaund a sigh, hauing their harts like Saltpéeter, that fiereth at the first, and yet proueth but a flash, their thoughts reaching as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that breake with euery blast : had Carthage béene bereft of so famons a Virago : if the Troian had béene as constant as he was comely : Had the Quéene of Poetrie béene pinched with so many passions, if the wanton Ferriman had béene as faithfull as he was faire. No Francesco, and therefore séeing the brightest blossomes are pestered with most Caterpillers, the swéetest Roses with the sharpest prickes, the fairest Cambrickes with the foulest staines, and men with the best proportion, haue commonly least perfection . I may feare to swallow the hooke, lest I finde more bane in the confection, than pleasure in the bait. But here let me breathe, and with sighs foresée mine owne folly. Women, poore souls, are like to the harts in Calabria, that knowing Dictannum to bée

deadly, yet bowle on it with greedinesse: resembling the fish Mugra, that seeing the hooke bare, yet swallowes it with delight, so women foresee, yet do not preuent, knowing what is profitable, yet not eschewing the preiudice: So Francesco, I see thy beauties, I know thy want, and I feare thy vanities, yet can I not but allow of all, were they the worst of all, because I finde in my mind this principle, in Loue is no lacke. What should I Francesco couet to dally with the mouse when the catte stands by; or fill my letter ful of needles ambages when my father, like Argus, setteth a hundred eies to ouer-pry my actions: while I am writing, thy messenger stands at the doore praying: therefore, lest I should hold her too long in her orisons, or keepe thee (poore man) too long in suspence: Thus briefely, be vpon Thursday next at night hard by the Orchard vnder the greatest oake, where expect my comming, prouide for our safe passage: for I woe all the world on the one side, and thou on the other, Francesco should be my guide to direct me whither he pleased. Faile not then, vnlesse thou be false to her that would haue life faile, ere shee falsifie faith to thee.

Not her owne, because thine, *Isabel.*

AS soone as she had dispatcht her letter, she came downe, & deliuered the letter in forme of a passport to the messenger, giuing her after her accustomed maner an almes, and closely clapt her in the fist with a brace of Angels. The woman thanking her good Maister, and her good Mistris, giuing the house her benison, hied her backe againe to Francesco, whom she found sitting solitary in his Chamber: no sooner did hee espie her, but flinging out of his chaire, he changed colour as a man in a doubtful extasie what should betide: yet conceiuing good hope by her countenance, who smiled more at the remembrance of her reward then at any other conceite, he tooke the letter and read it, wherein he found his humor so fitted, that he not only thanked the messenger, but gaue her all the money in his purse, so that she returned so highly gratified, as neuer afterward she was found to exercise her old ocupation. But leauing her to the hope of her huswifry, againe to Francesco, who seeing the constant affection of his Mistris, that neither the sowre lookes of her father,

ther, nor his hard threates could affright her, to make change of her fancy, that no disaster fortune could driue her to make shipwrack of her fixed affection, that the blustring stormes of aduersity might assault, but not seeke the fort of her constant resolution, he fell into this pleasing passion: Women (quoth he) why as they are heauens wealth, so they are earths miracles, framed by nature to despight beauty, adorned with the singularity of proportion, to showd the excellencie of all perfection, as far exceeding men in vertues as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualities, as they are like to Gods in perfectnes, being purer in minde than in mould, & yet made of the purity of man: iust are they, as giuing Loue her due: constant, as holding loyalty more pretious then life: as hardly to be drawne from united affection, as the Salamanders from the cauerns of Ætna. Lucb (quoth Francesco) what should I say: they be women, and therefore the continents of all excellencie. In this pleasant humor he passed away the time, not slacking his business for prouision against Thursday at night: to the care of which affaires, let vs leaue him and returne to Isabel, who after she had sent her letter, fell into a dump, entring into the considerations of mens constancy, and of the fickleues of their fancies, but all these meditations did sort to no effect: wherepon sitting downe, she toke her Lute in her hand, and sung this Ode.

Isabels Ode.

SItting by a Riuers side,
Where a silent streame did glide,
Banckt about with choyce of flowers,
Such as spring from April showers,
When faire *Iris* smiling shewes,
All her riches in her dewes,
Thick leaued trees so were planted,
As not Art nor Nature wanted,
Bordering all the brooke with shade,
As if *Venus* there had made
By *Floraes* wile, a curious bowre
To dally with her paramoure,

At this current as I gazd.
Eyes intrapt, minde amazde,
I might ſee in my ken,
Such a flame as fireth men.
Such a fire as doth frie,
With one blaze both hart and eye,
Such a heate as doth proue
No heate like to the heate of loue.
Bright ſhe was, for t'was a ſhe,
That trac'd hir ſteps towards me:
On her head ſhe ware a bay,
To fence *Phebus* light away:
In her face one might deſcry
The curious beautie of the skie.
Her eies carried darts of fire,
Feathered all with ſwift deſire:
Yet forth theſe fiery darts did paſſe,
Pearled teares as bright as glaſſe,
That wonder twas in her eyne,
Fire and water ſhould combine,
If th'old Sawe did not borrow,
Fire is loue, and water ſorrow:
Downe ſhe ſate, pale and ſad,
No mirth in her lookes ſhe had,
Face and eies ſhewd diſtreſſe,
Inward ſights diſcourſt no leſſe:
Head and hand might I ſee:
Elbow leaned on her knee,
Laſt ſhe breathed out this Saw,
Oh that loue hath no law,
Loue inforceth with conſtraint,
Loue delighteth in complaint.
Whoſo loues, hates his life,
For loues peace is minds ſtrife.
Loue doth feede on beauties fare,
Euery diſh ſawc'd with care:
Chiefely women, reaſon why,
Loue is hatcht in their eie:

Thence it ſteppeth to the hart,
There it poyſneth euery part:
Mind and hart, eye and thought,
Till ſweet loue their woes haue wrought.
Then repentant they gan cry,
Oh my hart that trowed mine eie.
Thus ſhe ſaid, and then ſhe roſe,
Face and mind both ful of woes:
Flinging thence with this Sawe,
Fie on loue that hath no law.

Hauing finiſhed her Ode, ſhée heard that her Father was come in, and therefore leauing her amorous inſtruments, ſhe fel to her labour, to confirme the old prouerb in her fathers iealous head, *Otia ſi tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*: but as warie as ſhée was, yet the old Goſe could ſpie the gosling winke, and would not by any meanes truſt her, but vſed his accuſtomed manner of reſtraint: yet as it is impoſſible for the ſmoke to be concealed, or fire to be ſuppreſſed: ſo Fregoſo could but by ſubtile drifts ſo warily watch his tranſformed lo, but ſhe found a Mercurie to releaſe her. For vppon Thurſeday lying in her bedde with little intent to ſléepe, ſhe offered many ſighs to Venus, that ſhée would be Dratreſſe to Morpheus that ſome dead ſlumber might poſſeſſe all the houſe: which fell out accordingly, ſo that at midnight ſhe roſe vp, and finding her apparel ſhut vp, ſhe was faine to go without hoſe, onely in her ſmocke and her peticoate, with her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night géere, ſhe marcheth downe ſoftly, where ſhe found Franceſco readie with a priuate and familiar friend of his to watch her comming forth, who, caſting his eie aſide, and ſéeing one in a hat and a cloake, ſuſpecting ſome treachery, drew his ſword: at which Iſabell ſmiling, ſhe incountred him thus.

Gentle ſir, if you be as valiant as you ſéeme cholericke, or as martiall as you would be thought hardie, ſet not vpon a weaponleſſe woman, leſt in thinking to triumph in ſo meane a conqueſt, you be preiudized with the taint of cowardiſe. Twas neuer yet read, that warlike Mars drewe his Fawchion againſt louely Venus, were her offence neuer ſo great, or his Choller

neuer

neuer so much. Therefore Gentleman, if you be the man I take you, Isabels Francesco, leaue off your armes and fall to armours, and let your parley in them be as short, as the night is silent, and the time dangerous. Francesco seeing it was the Paramor of his affections, let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, ready to fall in a sound by a suddaine extasie of ioy: at last recouering his sence, he encountred her thus.

Faire Isabel, Natures ouermatch in beautie, as you are Dianaes superiour in vertue: at the sight of this attire, I drewe my sword, as fearing some privy foe: but as soon as the view of your perfection glanced as an obiect to mine eye, I let fall mine armes, trembling as Acteon did, that hee had dared so farre in gazing against so gorgeous a Goddesse: yet ready in the defence of your sweet selfe, and rather then I would lose so rich a prize, not only to take vp my weapon, but to encounter hand to hand with the stoutest champion in the world. Sir (quoth she) these protestations are now bootlesse: and therefore to be briefe, thus (and with that the teares trickled down the vermilion of her cheekes, and shee blubbred out this passion.) O Francesco, thou mayst see by my attire the depth of my fancie, and in these homely roabes mayst thou note the retchlesnesse of my fortunes, that for thy loue haue strained a note too high in loue, I offend Nature as repugnant to my Father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to please thee: I haue giuen a finall farewell to my friendes, to be thy familiar: I haue lost all hope of preferment, to confirme the simpathie of both our desires: Ah Francesco, see, I come thus poore in apparrell, to make thee rich in content. Now if hereafter, (Oh let me sigh at that, lest I be forced to repent too late) when thy eye is glutted with my beauty, and thy hotte loue prooued some colde, then beginst thou to hate her that thus loueth thee, and proue as Demophoon did to Phillis, or as Æneas did to Dido. What then may I doe reiected, but accurse mine owne follie, that hath brought me to such hard fortunes? Giue me leaue, Francesco, to feare what may fall: for men are as inconstant in performance, as cunning in practises. Shee could not fully discourse what she was about to vtter, but he broke off with this protestation. Ah *Isabel*, although the windes of Lepanthus are euer inconstant, the Cheriferol euer brittle, the Po-

lips

lipa euer changeable : yet measure not my mind by other motions, nor the depth of my affection by the fleeting of other fancies: for as there is a Topace that will yeeld to euery stampe, so there is an Emerald that will yeeld no impression. The selfe same Troy, as it had an Æneas that was fickle, so it had a Troilus that was constant. Greece had a Pyramus, as it had a Demophoon: and though some haue beene ingratefull, yet accuse not all to bee vnthankfull : for when Francesco shall let his eie slip from thy beautie, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his hart from thy vertues, or his whole life from euer honouring thee: then shall heauen cease to haue Starres, the earth Trees, the world Elements, and euery thing reuersed, shal fall to their former chaos.

Why then (quoth Isabel) to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such Louers be impeached by my fathers wakefull iealousie. And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as she was, shee mounted, & as fast as horse would pace away they post towards a towne in the said countrey of Brittaine, called Duncastrum. Where let vs leaue them in there false gallop, and return to old Fregoso, who rising early in the morning, & missing his daughter, askt for her through the whole house: but seeing none could discouer where she was, as assured of her escape, he cryed out as a man halfe lunaticke, that he was by Francesco robd of his onely iewell. Whereupon in a despairing fury he caused al his men and his tenants to mount them, and to disperse themselues euery one with hue and cry for the recouery of his daughter, hee himselfe being horst, and riding the ready way to Duncastrum. Where hee no sooner came, but fortune meaning to dally with the old dotard, and to present him a bone to gnaw on, brought it so to passe, that as he came riding downe the towne, he mette Francesco, and his daughter comming from the Church, which although it pierst him to the quicke, and straind euery string of his hart to the highest note of sorrow, yet he concealed it till he toke his Jane : and then stumbling as fast as hee could to the Maiors house of the Towne, he reuealed vnto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his fauor for the clapping vp of this vnruly gentleman: and to make the matter more heinous, he accused him of felony, that he had not only, contrarie to the

cuſtome bereft him of his daughter againſt his will, but with his daughter, had taken away certaine plate. This euidence cauſed the Mayor ſtraight, guarded with his Officers, to march downe with Fregoſo to the place where Iſabel, & her Franceſco were at breakfaſt, little thinking (poore ſoules) ſuch a ſharpe ſtorme ſhould follow ſo quiet a calme: but fortune would haue it ſo. And therefore, as they were carowſing each to other in a ſweete frolike of hoped for content, the Mayor ruſht in, and apprehended him of felony: which draue the poore perplexed louers into ſuch a dump, that they ſtode as the pictures that Perſeus with his ſhielde turned into ſtones. Franceſco preſently with a ſharpe inſight, entered into the cauſe & perceiued it was the drift of the olde Fox his father in law: wherefore he toke it with the more patience. But Iſabel ſeeing her new husband ſo handled, fell into a ſwound for ſorrow, which could not preuaile with the Seriеants, but they conueyed him to priſon, and her to the Mayors houſe. As ſone as this was done, Fregoſo as a man careleſſe what ſhould become of them, in a ſtrange Countrie, toke horſe and rode home: he paſt melancholy, and theſe remained ſorrowfull, eſpecially Iſabel, who after ſhe had almoſt blubbred out her eyes for griefe, fel at length in to this paſſion.

Infortunate Iſabell, and there fore infortunate, becauſe thy ſorrowes are more then thy yeeres, and thy diſtreſſe to heauie for the prime of thy youth. Are the heauens ſo vniuſt, the ſtarres ſo diſmal, the planets ſo iniurious, that they haue more contrarie oppoſitions than fauourable aſpects: that their influence doth infuſe more preiudice than they can inferre profite? Then no doubt if their motions be ſo maligne, Saturne conſpiring with all baleful ſignes, calculated the houre of thy birth ful of diſaſter accidents. Ah Iſabel, thou maiſt ſée, the birds that are hatched in winter, are nipt with euery ſtorme, ſuch as flie againſt the ſun are eyther ſcorched or blinded, and thoſe that repugne againſt nature, are euer croſt by fortune. Thy father foreſawe theſe euils, and warned thée by experience, thou reiectedſt his counſaile, and therefore art bitten with repentance: ſuch as loke not before they leape, oft fal into the ditch: and they that ſcorne their parents, cannot auoide puniſhment: The young tigers follow the braying of their olde ſire, the tender Fawnes chooſe

their

their foode by the olde Bucke: These brute beasts, and without reason, stray not from the limites of nature: thou a woman and endued with reason, art therefore thus sorrowfull, because thou hast bene vnnaturall. Whither nowe Isabel? What, like the shrubs of India, parched with euery storme? Wilt thou resemble the brookes of Caria, that dry vp with euery Sunne-shine? shall one blast of Fortune blemish all thy affection? one frown of thy father infringe thy loue toward thy husband? Wilt thou be so inconstant at the first, that hast promised to be loyall euer? If thou beest danted on thy marriage day, thou wilt be fleeting hereafter: didst thou not chuse him for his vertues, and nowe wilt thou refuse him for his hard fortunes? is hee not thy husband? yes, and therefore more deere to thee then thy Father. I *Isabel*, and vpon that resolue, lest hauing so faithful a Troylus, thou prooue as hatefull a Cressida: sorrowe *Isabel*, but not that thou followed Francesco, but that Francesco by thee is fallen into such misfortunes: seeke to mitigate his maladies by thy patience, not to incense his greefe with thy passions: courage is knowne in extremities, womanhod in distresse: & as the Chrisolite is proued in the fire, and the Diamond by the anuile, so loue is tried, not by fauour of Fortune, but by the aduersitie of time. Therefore *Isabell, Feras non culpes, quod vitare non potes*, and with Tully resolue thus:

Puto rerum humanarum nihil esse firmum: ita nec in prosperis latitia gesties, nec in aduersis dolore concides.

With this she held hir peace and rested silent, so behauing her selfe in the Mayors house, with such modesty and patience, that as they held her for a Paragon of beauty, so they counted her for a spectacle of vertue: thinking her outward proportion was far inferiour to her inward perfection: so that generally she wan the harts of the whole house in that they pitied her case, and wished her libertie. Insomuch that Francesco was the better vsed for her sake: who being imprisoned, grieued not at his owne vnfitter mishap, but sorrowed for the fortune of *Isabel*, passing both day and night with many extreame passions, to thinke on the distresse of his beloued Paramour. Fortune who had wrought this tragedy, intending to shewe that her front is as full of fauours as of frownes, and that she holdes a dimple in her cheeke,

as the hath a wrinckle in her brow, began thus in a Comical vaine to be pleasant. After many dayes were passed, and that the Mayor had entred into the good demeanour of them both, noting, that it proceeded rather of the displeasure of the Father, than for any speciall desart of felony, seeing youth would haue his swinge, and that as the minerals of Ætna stone fire, as the leaues in Parthia burne in the sunne, so young yeeres are incident to the heate of loue, and affection will burst into such amorous parties. He, not as Chremes in Terence, measuring the flames of youth by his dead cinders, but thinking of their present fortunes by the follies of their former age, called a Conuenticle of his brethren, and seeing there was none to giue any further euidence, thought to let Francesco lose. Hauing their frée consent, the next day taking Isabel with him, he went to the Jayle, where they heard such rare reportes of the behauiour of Francesco, that they sorrowed not so much at his fortunes, as they wondred at his vertues: for the Jaylor discourst vnto them how, as he was greatly passionate, so he vsed great patience, hauing this verse oft in his mouth.

—Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

That he was affable and courteous, winning all, & offending none, that all his house, as they grieued at his imprisonment, would be sory at his inlargement: not for enuy of his person, but for sorrow of his absence. The Jaylor thus commending the Gentleman, conducted them to the chamber doore where Francesco lay, whom they found in secret meditation with himselfe: therefore they stayed, and were silent Auditors to his passions: the first word they heard him breathe out with a sigh, was this,

Soufrir me plaist, car l'esperoir me conforte.

And with that taking a Citterne in his hand, saying this note.

Pour parvenir l'endure.

Hée warbled out this Ode.

Francescoes Ode,

WHen I looked about the place
Where sorrow nurseth vp disgrace,

Wrapt

Wrapt within a folde of cares,
Whose distresse no hart spares:
Eyes might looke, but see no light,
Hart might thinke, but no despight,
Sunne did shine, but not on me,
Sorrow said, it may not be,
That heart or eye should once possesse
Any salue to cure distresse:
For men in prison must suppose,
Their couches are the beds of woes,
Seeing this, I sighed then,
Fortune thus should punish men.
But when I cald to mind her face,
For whose loue I brooke this place,
Starrie eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight.
Eyes that lighten, and doe shine,
Beames of loue that are diuine,
Lilly cheekes whereon beside,
Budds of Roses shew their pride,
Cherry lips, which did speake
Words that made all harts to breake:
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet,
Such perfumes for loue is meete.
Precious words, as hard to tell,
Which more pleased, wit or smell.
When I saw my greatest paines
Grow for her that beautie staines,
Fortune thus I did reproue,
Nothing griefefull growes from loue.

Hauing thus chaunted ouer his Ode, hee heard the chamber doore open, whereupon he grew melancholie, but when he saw the goddesse of his affection, on whose constant loyalty depended the essence of his happinesse, hee started vp, as when loue-sicke Mars sawe Venus entring his pauilion in triumph, entertaining them al generally with such affability, and her particularly with such curtesie, that he shewed himselfe as full of nurture as of nature. Interchange of intertainment thus past betwéen

these two louers, as well with emphasis of wordes as extasie of mindes, concluding with streames of pathetically teares. The Mayor at last entred parley, and tolde Francesco, though his Father in lawe had alleadged felony against him, yet because he perceiued that it rather proceeded of some secret reuenge, then any manifest truth, and that no further euidence came to censure the allegation, he was content to set him at libertie, conditionally, Francesco should giue his hand to bee answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might be obiected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at liberty, and hee and *Isabel* ioyntly together taking themselues to a little Cottage, began to be as Ciceronically as they were amorous: with their hands thrift coueting to satisfie their hearts thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherein they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrors of a Democraticall methode: for he being a Scholler, and nurst vp in the Vniuersities, resolued rather to liue by his witte, then any way to be pinched with want, thinking this old sentence to bee true, That wishers and woulders were neuer good-housholders, therefore he applied himselfe in teaching of a Schoole, where, by his industry, he had not onely great fauour, but gat wealth to withstand fortune. *Isabel*, that shee might seeme no lesse profitable then her husband carefull, fel to her needle, & with her worke sought to preuent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintaine their loues, being as busie bees, and as true as Turtles, as desirous to satisfie the worlde with their desert, as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Liuing thus in a league of vnited vertues, out of this mutuall concorde of confirmed perfection, they had a Son answerable to their owne proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifiyng of their affection. Fortune and loue thus ioyning in league to make these parties to forget the stormes that had nipped the blossomes of their former yeares, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. After the terme of fiue yeares, Segnior Fregoso hearing by sundry reports the fame of their forwardnes, howe Francesco coueted to be most louing to his daughter, and she most dutifull to him,

and

and both ſtriue to excéde one another in loyaltie, glad at this mutual agreement, hée fell from the furie of his former melancholy paſſions, and ſatiſfied himſelfe with a contented patience, that at laſt he directed letters to his Sonne in Law, that hée ſhoulde make repaire to his houſe with his daughter. Which newes was no ſooner come to the eares of this married couple, but prouiding for al things neceſſarie for the furniture of their voyage, they poſted as faſt as they could towards Caerbrancke, where ſpéedily arriuing at their Fathers houſe, they found ſuch friendly entertainement at the old mans hand, that they counted this ſmile of Fortune able to counteruaile al the contrarie ſtormes, that the aduerſe planets had inflicted vppon them. Seated thus, as they thought, ſo ſurely, as no ſiniſter chaunce, or diſmal influence might remoue. She that is conſtant in nothing but inconſtancie, began in faire ſkie to produce a tempeſt thus.

It ſo chaunced that Franceſco had neceſſarie buſineſſe to diſpatch at the chiefe Cittie of that Iland, called Troynouant, thither with the leaue of his Father, and farewell to his wife, hée departed, after they were married ſeauen yeares: where, after he was arriued, knowing that he ſhould make his abode there for the ſpace of ſome nine wéekes, he ſold his horſe and hired him a chamber, earneſtly endeuouring to make ſpéedie diſpatch of his affaires, that he might the ſooner enioy the ſight of his deſired *Iſabel*, for did hée ſée any woman beautifull, hée viewed hir with a ſigh, thinking how far his wife did ſurpaſſe her in excellence: were the modeſty of any woman well noted by her qualities, it grieued him he was not at home with his *Iſabel*, who did excell them all in vertues.

Thus he conſtrued al to her perfection, hauing no vacant time neither day nor night, wherein he did not ruminate on the perfection of Iſabel. As thus his thoughts were diuided on his buſineſſe, and on his wife, looking one day out at his Chamber windowe, hée eſpied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a caſement right oppoſite againſt his proſpect, who fired her eyes vppon him with ſuch cunning and artificiall glaunces, as ſhe ſhewed in them a chaſte diſdaine, and yet a modeſt deſire. Where (by the way Gentlemen) let me ſay thus much, that our

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Curtizans of Troynouant, are far ſuperiour in artificial allurement to them of all the woꝛlde, foꝛ although they haue not the painting of *Italie*, noꝛ the charmes of *France*, noꝛ the Jewels of *Spaine*, yet they haue in their eies Adamants, that will dꝛawe youth as the Jeat the ſtraw, oꝛ the ſight of the panther the ermly: their lookes are like lures that will reclaime, and like Cyrces apparitions, that can repꝛeſent in them all motions: they containe modeſtie, mirth, chaſtity, wantonneſſe, and what not: and ſhe that holdeth in her eie moſt ciuility, hath oft in her heart moſt diſhoneſtie, being like the pyꝛit ſtone, that is, fire without and froſt within. Such a one was this mery minion, whoſe honeſtie was as choice as Venus chaſtitie, being as faire as Helena, and as faithleſſe, as well featured as Creſſida, and as craftie: hauing an eie foꝛ euery paſſenger, a ſigh foꝛ euery louer, a ſmile foꝛ euerie one that vaild his bonnet: and becauſe ſhe loued the game wel, a quiuer foꝛ euery Wlodmans arrow. This curtizan, ſeeing this country Franceſco was no other but a mere nouice, and that ſo newly, that to vſe the olde pꝛouerbe, hee had ſcarce ſeene the Lions. She thought to intrap him, and ſo arreſt him with hir amoꝛous glances, that ſhe ſhould wꝛing him by the purſe: whereupon euery day ſhe would out at her caſemēt ſtand and there diſcouer her beauties. Franceſco, who was like the Flie that delighted in the flame, and coueted to fede his eie on this beauteous Curtizane, tilted at her with interchange of glaunces, and on a day to try the fineneſſe of his wit, with a poeticall furie, began thus to make a Canzone.

CANZONE.

As then the Sunne ſate lordly in his pride,
Not ſhaddowed with the vaile of any clowde,
The welkin had no racke that ſeem'd to glide,
No duskie vapour did bright *Phœbus* ſhroude
No blemiſh did eclipſe the beauteous skie,
From ſetting foorth heauens ſecret ſearching eye,
No bluſtring winde did ſhake the ſhadie trees,
Each leafe lay ſtill and ſilent in the wood,
The birds were muſicall, the labouring Bees,
That in the ſummer heapes their winters good,

Plied

Plied to the hiues sweet honey from those flowres,
Whereout the serpent strengthens all his powres.
The lyon layd and stretcht him in the lawnes,
No storme did holde the Leopard fro his pray,
The fallow fields were full of wanton Fawnes,
The plouw-swaines neuer sawe a fairer day,
For euery beast and bird did take delight,
To see the quiet heauens to shine so bright.
When thus the winds lay sleeping in the Caues,
The ayre was silent in her concaue spheare,
And *Neptune* with a calme did please his slaues,
Ready to wash the neuer-drenched Beare,
Then did the change of my affects begin,
And wanton Loue assaid to snare me in.
Leaning my backe against a lofty pine,
Whose top did checke the pride of al the ayre:
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts, mine eine,
Vpon the Sunne, the fairest of all faire:
What thing made God so faire as this, quoth I?
And thus I muzde vntill I darkt mine eie.
Finding the Sunne too glorious for my sight,
I glaunst my looke to shun so bright a lamp,
With that appeard an obiect twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my senses al were dampt,
In *Ida* richer beauty did not win
When louely *Venus* shewd her siluer skin.
Her pace was like to *Iunoes* pompous straines,
Whenas she sweepes through heauens brasse-paued way
Her front was powdred throgh with azurd vaines,
That twixt sweet Roses and faire Lillies lay:
Reflecting such a mixture from her face,
As tainted *Venus* Beautie with disgrace.
Artophilax the brightest of the starres,
Was not so orient as her christial eyes,
Whein triumphant sate both Peace and Warres,
From out whose arches such sweet fauour flies,
As might reclaime *Mars* in his highest rage,
At beauties charge his fury to asswage.

The Diamond gleames not more reflecting lights,
Painted with fiery pyramides to shine,
Than are these flames that burnish in our sights,
Darting fire out the christall of her eyne,
Able to set *Narcissus* thoughts on fire,
Although he swore him foe to sweete desire:
Gazing vpon this Lemman with mine eye,
I felt my sight vaile bonet with her lookes,
So deepe a passion to my hart did flie,
As I was trapt within her luring lookes,
Forst to confesse before that I had done,
Her beauty far more brighter then the Sunne.

Francesco having thus in a poeticall humour pleased his fancie, when his leisure serued him, would, to make proofe of his constancie, interchange amorous glances with this faire Curtizan, whose name was Infida, thinking his inward affections were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabel, that no exterior proportion could effect any passion to the contrary: but at last he found by experience, that the fairest blossomes are soonest nipt with frosts, the best fruite soonest touched with Caterpillers, and the ripest wits most apt to be ouerthrowne by loue. Infida taught him with her lokes to learne this, that the eye of the Basiliske pierceth with prejudice: that the iuyce of Celidonie is sweet, but it fretteth deadly: that Circes cuppes were too strong for al antidotes, and womens flatteries too forceable to resist at voluntarie: for she so snared him in her perfection, insomuch that he thought her second to Isabel, if not superiour. Dallying thus with beautie, as the flie in the flame: Venus willing to shew how forceable her influence was so tempred with opportunitie, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre, he met with Infida gadding abroad with certaine her companions, who like blazing Starres shewed the markes of inconstant minions, for she no soner drewe nere Francesco, but dying her face with a Vermillion blush, and in a wanton eye hiding a fained modestie, she saluted him with a lowe courtesie. Segnior Francesco that could well skil to court al kinds of degrées, lest he might then be thought to haue little manners, returning, not

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onely her curtesies with his bonnet, but taking Infida by the hand began thus. Faire Mistresse, and if mine eye be not deceiued, I so bright an obiect, mine ouerthwart neighbour, hauing often seene with delight, and coueted with desire to be acquainted with your sweete selfe, I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thankes, that hath offered such fitte opportunity to bring me to your presence, hoping I shal find you so friendly, as to craue that we may be more familiar. She that knew how to entertaine such a yong nouice, made him this cunning reply. Indeede Sir, neighbourhode craues charitie, and such affable Gentlemen as your selfe deserues rather to be entertained with courtesie, than reiected with disdaine. And therefore Sir, what priuate friendshippe mine honour or honesty may afford, you aboue all (that hitherto I haue knowne) shall commaund. Then Mistris (quoth he) for that euery man counts it credite to haue a patronesse of his fortunes, and I am a meere stranger in this citty, let me finde such fauour, that all my actions may be shrowded vnder your excellence, and carry the name of your seruant, ready for requitall of such gratious countenance, to vnsheath my sword in the defence of my Patronelle for euer. She that had her humour fitted with this motion, answered thus, with a loke that had beene able to haue forced Troylus to haue beene trothles to his Cressida: How kindely I take it Seignior Francesco, for so I vnderstand your name, that your proffer your seruice to so meane a Mistrisse, the effectual fauour that shal, to my powre ability, gratifie your courtesie, shal manifest how I account of such a friend. Therfore from hencefoorth Infida entertaines Francesco for her seruant: and I (quoth he) accept of the beauteous Infida as my Mistrisse. Vpon this they fel into other amorous prattle which I leaue off, and walked abroad while it was dinner time. Francesco stil hauing his eye vppon his new mistrisse, whose beauties he thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceed al that yet his eye had made survey of. Doating thus on this new face with a new fancy, he often wrong her by the hand, and brake off his sentences, with such deepe sighes, that she perceiued by the weather-cocke where the winde blew: returning such amorous passions, as she seemed as much entangled, as he was enamoured.

Wel, thinking now that she had baited her hooke, she would not cease while she had fully caught the fish, she begane thus to lay the traine. When they were come néere to the Citty gates, she stayed on a suddaine, and straining him hard by the hand, and glauncing a looke from her eies, as if shée would both shew fauor and craue affection, she began thus smilingly to assault him.

Seruant, the Lawyers say, the *assumsit* is neuer good, where the party giues not somewhat in consideration, that seruice is voyde, where it is not made fast by some fée. Lest therfore your eye should make your mind variable, as mens thoughts follow their sights, & their looks wauer at the excellence of new obiects, and so I loose such a seruant: to tye you to a stake with an earnest, you shal be this day my guest at dinner: then if héereafter you forget your mistris, I shal appeale at the barre of loyaltie, and so condemne you of lightnes. Francesco that was tyed by the eyes, and had his hart on his halfepeny, could not deny her, but with many thankes accepted of her motion, so that agréed, they went al to Infidaes house to dinner, where they had such chéere as could vpon the sodaine be pronided. Infida giuing him such friendly and familiar entertainment at his repast, as well with swéet prattle, as with amorous glances, that he rested captiue within the laborinth of her flatteries. After dinner was done, that she might tie him from starting, shée thought to set all her wits vpon Ela. Therefore she took a lute in her hand, and in an angelical harmony warbled out this conceited Ditty.

Infidaes Song.

SWeet *Adon* darst not glaunce thine eie,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Vpon thy *Venus* that must die,
Io vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

See how sad thy *Venus* lies,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Loue in heart, and teares in eies,

Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy face is faire as *Paphos* brookes,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy
Wherein Fancie baits her hookes,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy cheekes like cherries that do grow,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Amongst the Westerne Mounts of snow
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy lips vermillion full of love,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Thy necke as siluer, white as doue,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thine eyes like flames of holy fires,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Burnes al my thoughts with sweet desire:
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

All thy beauties sting my hart,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
I must die through *Cupids* dart,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Wilt thou let thy *Venus* die,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Adon were vnkinde say I,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me.
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

To let faire *Venus* die for woe,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
That doth loue sweet *Adon* so,
Ie vous, en prie, pittie me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

While thus Infida sung her song, Francesco sate, as if with Orpheus melody he had bèen inchaunted, hauing his eyes fixed on her face, and his eares attendant on her musicke, so that he yéelded to that Syren which after forst him to a fatall shipwrack. Infida laying away her Lute after, fell to other prattle. But because it grew late in the afternoone, Francesco that was called away by his vrgent affaires, toke his leaue: whereat Infida séemed very melancholy, which made our young Scholler halfe mad, yet with a solemne congée departing, he went about his businesse: whereas our cunning Curtizan, séeing her nouice gone, began to smile, and sayd to her companions, that she had made a good market that had caught such a tame sole. Alas poore young Gentleman (quoth she) he is like to the leaues in Ægypt, that as they spring without raine, so they burne at the sight of the fire: or to the Swallowes, that thinke euery Sun-shine a Sommers day. Hée was neuer long waiter in Venus Court, that counts euery smile a fauour, & euery laugh to bée true loue: but it is no matter, he hath store of pence, and I will sel him many passions, vntil I leaue him as empty of coyne, as my selfe is voyd of fancie. And thus leauing her iesting at her new intertained Seruant, againe to Francesco, who after hée hadde made dispatch of his businesse, got him home to his lodging: where sitting solitary in his chamber, hée began to call to remembrance the perfections of his new Mistresse, the excellent proportion of

her

her phisnomy, her stature, voyce, gesture, vertues (as he thoght) ruminating vpon euery part with a plaudite. At last, as he was in this pleasing suppose, he remembred his swéet Isabel, whose beauty and vertue was once so precious, that betwéene his old loue, and his new fancy, he fell into these passions. Ah Francesco, whither art thou carried with new conceits? shal thy fruits be more subiect to the Northerne blastes, than thy blossomes? shal thy middle age be more full of folly than thy tender yeres? wilt thou loue in thy youth, and lust when thy dayes are halfe spent? Men say, that the Cedar, the elder it is, the straighter it growes: that Narcissus flowers, the higher they spring, the more glorious is their hew: and so should Gentlemen, as they exceed in yeares, excell in vertues: but thou (Francesco) art like to the Halciones, which being hatcht white as milk, grow to bée as blacke as Jet: the young Storks haue a musical voyce, bnt the olde a fearful sound. When thou wert of smal age, men honoured thée for thy qualities, and nowe in yeares, shal they hate thée for thy vices? But to what end tendes this large preamble to checke thy fondnes, that must leaue to loue, and learne to lust? What, leaue to loue Isabel, whose beauty is diuine, whose vertues rare, whose chastity loyal, whose constancy vntainted? And for whom? for loue of some vnknowne Curtezan. Consider this Francesco, Isabel for thy sake hath left her Parents, forsaken her friends, reiected the world, and was content, rather to brooke pouerty with thée, than possesse wealth with hir Father. Is she not faire to content thine eye, vertuous to allure thy minde? Nay, is she not thy wife, to whom thou art bound by law, loue, & conscience, and yet wilt thou start from her? what, from Isabel? Didst thou not vowe that the heauens should bée without lamps, the earth without beasts, the world without Eliments, before Isabel should be forsaken of her Francesco? And wilt thou proue as false as she is faithful? shal shée like Dido cry out against Ænas? like Phillis against Demophoon? like Ariadne against Theseus, and thou be canonized in the Chronicles, for a man ful of periury? Oh consider Francesco whom thou shalt lose if thou losest Isabel, and what thou shalt gaine, if thou winnest Infida: the one being a louing wife, the other a flattering Curtizan. Hast thou read Aristotle, and findest thou

not

not in his Philosophie, this sentence set downe?

Omne animal irrationale ad sui similem diligendum natura dirigitur.

And wilt thou that art a creature indued with reason, as thou art excelling them in wisdome, exceed them in vanities? Hast thou turned ouer the liberal Sciences as a scholler, and amongst them all hast not found this general principle, that vnitie is the essence of amitie, and yet wilt thou make a diuision in the greatest simpathy of al loues? Nay Francesco, art thou a Christian, and hast tasted of the sweet fruites of Theologie, and hast not read this in holy writ, pend downe by that miracle of wisdome Salomon, that he which is wise should reiect the strange woman, and not regard the sweetnesse of her flatterie.

Desire not the beauty of a strange woman in thine heart, nor be not intrapped in her eie-lids:

For through a whoorish woman, a man is brought to a morsell of breade, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.

Can a man take fire in his bosome, and not be burnt? or can a man treade vpon coales, and not be scorched?

So he that goeth to his neighbours wife, shall not be innocent whosoeuer toucheth her.

Men doe not despise a theefe when hee stealeth to satisfie his soule: but if he be founde, he shall restore seauen fold, or giue all the substance of his house.

But he that committeth adultery with a woman hee is destitute of vnderstanding hee that doth it, destroyeth his owne soule.

He shal finde a Wound and Dishonour, and his reproch shall neuer be put away.

If then Francesco, Theologie tels thée such axioms, wilt thou striue against the streame, and with the dœre, fœd against the winde? Wilt thou swallow vp sinne with greedinesse, that thou must be punished without repentance? No Francesco, home to the wife of thy youth, and drinke the pleasant waters of thine owne Well. And what of all these friuolous circumstances? Wilt thou measure euery action with Philosophy, or euery thought with diuinitie? Then shalt thou liue in the world, as a man hated in the worlde. What Francesco, hée that is afraide of euery bush, shal neuer proue good huntsman, & hée

that

that at euery gust puts to the Lée, shall neuer be good Nauigator. Thou art now Francesco, to be a Louer, not a Diuine, to measure thy affectiõs by Ouids principles, not by rules of theology: and time present wils thée to loue Infida, when thou canst not loke on Isabel, distance of place is a discharge of duty, and men haue their faults, as they are full of fancies. What, the blinde eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the Mill that the Miller neuer knowes of, the euill that the eye sées not, the hart rues not, *Caste si non caute*, Mush Francesco, Isabel hath not Lynceus eyes, to sée so farre. Therefore while thou art resident in London, enioy the beauty of Infida, and when thou art at home, onely content thée with Isabel, so with a smal fault shalt thou fully satisfie thine owne affections. Thus Francesco soothed himselfe, and did *In vxoramuis aurem dormire*, caring little for his good, as long as hée might please his new Goddesse, and making no exception of a wife, so hée might be accepted of his paramour. To effect therefore the desired ende of his affects, hée made himselfe as neate and quaint as might bée, and hied him home to his new mistrisse house, to put in practise that which himselfe had purposed: whither in the afternoone arriuing, he vnderstode by her chamber maid that she was at home and solitary: by her therefore he was conducted to Infidaes Closet, where he found her séeming melancholy, and thus awaked her from her dumps.

Faire Mistris haile to your person, quiet to your thoughtes, and content to your desires. At my first comming into your Chamber séeing you sit so melancholy, I thought either Diana sate musing on the principles of her modestie, or Venus malecontent, dumping on her amours: for the shewe of your vertues representes the one, and the excellence of your beauty discouers the other: but at last, when the glister of your beauty surpassing them both, reflected like the pride of Phœbus on my face, I perceiued it was my good Mistresse, that discontented sate in her dumps: wherefore, as your bounden seruant, if either my word or sword may frée you from these passions, I am hére ready in al actions howsoeuer preiudiciall, to shewe the effect of my affection. Infida gladde to sée her Louer in this Labyrinth: wherein to binde him sure, shée taking him by the hand, made

this wily answere.

Sweete seruant, how discontent soeuer I seeme, dismay not you: for your welcome is such as you can wish, or the sincerities of my heart afoard: womens dumpes grow not euer of a preiudiciall mishap, but oft times of some superficiall melancholy, inforced with a frowne, and shaken off with a smile: hauing sorrowe in their faces, and pleasure in their hearts: resembling the leaues of the Liquorice, that when they are most full of deawe without, are then most drie within. I tell you seruant, women are wily cattell, and therefore haue I chosen so good a heard-man as your selfe, that what our wantonnesse offends, your wisedom may amend. But trust me Francesco, were I wronged by Fortune, or iniured by any Foe, the promise of such a Champion were sufficient to arme mée with disdaine against both: but rest satisfied, your presence hath banished all passions, and therefore you may sée seruant, you are the Loadstone, by whose vertue my thoughts take all their direction. Béeing thus pleasant, shee sate Francesco downe by her, and hand in hand interchanged amorous glaunces. But hée that was abasht to discouer his minde, in that some sparkes of honestie still remained in his heart, sate tormented with loue and feare, prickt forward by the one, to discourse his desires, kept backe by the other from vttering his affections. Thus in a quandarie, he sate like one of Medusaes changelings, till Infida séeing him in this suddaine amaze, began thus to shake him out of his passions.

Now Segnior Francesco, I sée the olde adage is not alwaies true, *Consulenti nunquam caput doluit*: for you that earst alleaged perswasions of mirth, are now ouergrowne with melancholy. When an extreame storme followes a pleasant calme, then the effects are metaphisicall, and where such a violent dumpe of cares is sequence to such an extasie of ioyes, either I must attribute it to some appoplexe of senses, or some strange alteration of passions. Francesco, the ouen dampt vp hath the greatest heat, fire suppressed is most forcible, the streames stopt, either breake through or ouerflowe, and sorrows concealed, as they are most passionate, so they are most peremptory. What Francesco? spit on thy hand, and lay hold on thy heart, one pound of care paies not an ounce of debt: a friend to reueale, is a medicine to relieue,

relieue, discouer thy griefe, and if I bée not able to redresse with wealth, although what I haue, is at thy commaund, yet I will attempt with counsaile, either to perswade thée from passions, or intreat thée to patience: say Francesco, and feare not, for as I will be a friendly counseller, so I wil be a faithfull concealer.

Our young Gentleman hearing Infida apply such lenitiue plaisters to his cutting corrasiues, thought the patient had great hope when the Phisition was so friendly, hée therefore with a demure countenance beginning Louer-like his preample with a déepe sigh, courted her thus.

Faire Mistresse (quoth he) if I faile in my spéeches, thinke it is, because I faint in my passions, being as timorous to offend, as I am amorous to attempt, when the obiect is offered to the sence, the sight is hindred, *Sensibile sensui oppositum, nulla fit sensatio:* Mars could neuer play the Orator, when he wrong Venus by the hands: nor Tullie tell his tale when his thoughts were in Terentines eies: Louers are like to the Heban blossomes, that open with the deaw, and shut with the Sun, so they in presence of their mistresse haue their tongues tied, and their eies open, pleading with the one, and béeing silent in the other, which one describeth thus:

Alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultus,
Quærebant tacitè noster vbi esset amor

Therefore sweet Infida, what my tongue vtters not, thinke conceited in my heart: and then thus: since first my good fortune, if thou fauourest me, or my aduerse destinies, if I finde thée contrary, brought me to Troynouant, and that these ouer-daring eyes were entertained into those gorgeous obiects, know, that Cupid lying at aduantage, so snared me in thy perfections, that euer since euery sence hath rested imperfect. For when I marked thy face, more beauteous than Venus, I surueyed it with a sigh, and mine eie portraied it with a passion: when I noted thy vertues, then my minde rested captiue: when I heard thy wit, I did not onely wonder, but I was so wrapt in the Labyrinth of thine excellence, that no starre but Infida could be the guide whereby to direct my course. Sith then faire Mistresse, you, and none but you, haue robbed me of my affections, harbour not in such a sweete body a hard heart, but doe me iustice, let me haue

loue for loue, lest I complaine my destinies to be equivalent to my desires, and think my fortunes to be sharper then my loues. Thinke, Infida, faults in affections are but slight follies: Venus hath shrines to shaddow her trewants, and Cupids winges are shelters for such as venture as farre to content their thoughts. Sinnes vnseen, are halfe pardned, and Loue requires not chastitie, but that her Souldiers be charie. Then thinke (sweet Infida) if thou grant my desire, how careful I wil be of thy honour, rather ready to abide the prejudice of life, than to broke the disparagement of thy fame: In lieu therefore of my loyall seruice, grant me that sweet gift, which as it begins in amitie, can no way take end but in death: other wise I shall bee forced to accurse my fortunes, accuse my frowardnes, and expect no other happe but a life ful of miseries, or a death ful of martyrdome. With this passion ending his plea, he dissolued into such sighes, that it discouered his inward affection, not to be lesse then his outward protestation.

Infida noting the perplexity of her Louer, conceited his greefe with great ioy: yet that she might not be thought too forwarde, shee seemed thus froward: and though her thoughts were more than his desires, and that her minde was no lesse than his motion, yet pulling her hand frō his, she made this frowning reply.

What Francesco, when the Tyger hunteth for his prey, doth he then hide his clawes? Is the Pyrit stone then most hote, when it lookth most cold? Are men so subtile, that when they seeme most holy, they are farthest from God, can they vnder the shaddow of vertue couer the substance of vanitie, and like Ianus be double faced, to present both faith and flattery? I had thought (seruant) when I entertained thee for thy courtesie, I should not haue had occasion to shake thee off for thy boldnes, nor when I like thee for thy affable simplicitie, I should haue mistaken thee for thy secret subtiltie: What Francesco, to desire such a graunt as may, if thou wert wise, neither stand with thy honestie to intend, nor with my honour to effect. Tel me Francesco, hath eyther my countenance bin so curteous, that it might promise such smal curiositie, or my looks so laicinious that thou mightest hope to finde me so lauish, or my actions so wauering, or my disposition so ful of vanity, that my honor might seeme sone to be assaulted.

ted, and sone sacked. If I haue (Francesco) bin faulty in these follies, then will I seek to amend, wherein thou saist I haue made offence: if not, but that thou thinkest, for that I am a woman, I am easie to be won, with promises of loue, and protestations of loyaltie, thou art (sweete seruant) in a wrong bore, & sittest farre beside the cushon: for I passe of my honor more than life, and count rather to haue the title of honestie, then the dignity of a diademe: cease then, vnlesse thou wilt surcease to haue my fauor, & content thee with this, that Infida alows of thee for loue, not for lust: yet if she should tread her shoe away, would rather yeeld the spoyle of her honor to her seruant, than to the greatest prince of the world. Francisco though he was a nouice in these affairs, and was nipped on the head with this sharp repulse, yet he was not so to take the showze for the first storme, nor so ill a woodman to giue ouer the chace at the first default, but that he prosecuted his purpose thus. I am sorie (fayre goddesse of my deuotion) if my presumption hath giuen any offence to my sweet mistresse, for rather then I should but procure a frowne in her forehead: I would haue a deepe wound in my owne hart, coueting rather to suppresse my passions with death, then to disparage my credite with so good a patronesse. Therfore though my destinies be extreame, my affections great, and my loues such as can take no end but in your fauours, yet I rest vpon this, Infida hath commaunded me to cease, and I will not dare so much as to prosecute my sute, although euery passion should be a purgatorie, and euery dayes denial a moneths punishment in hel: with that he set downe his period with such a sigh that as the Marriners say a man would haue thought al would haue split againe. This cunning Curtizan being afraid, with this checke to haue quatted the queasie stomacke of her louer, desirous to drawe to her that with both hands, which she had thrust a waie with her little finger, began to be pleasant with Francesco thus.

What seruant, are you such a fresh water Souldier, that you faint at the first skirmish? feare not man, you haue not to deale with Mars, but with Venus, and her darts of denial, as they pricke sharp, so they pierce litle, & her thunderbolts do affright, not preiudice. Feare not man, a womans hart and her tongue, are not relatiues: tis not euer true, that what the hart think-

eth the tongue clacketh. Venus stormes are tempred with Rose-water, and when shée hath the greatest wrinckle in her browe, then hath shée the swéetest dimple in her chinne: be blithe man, a faint heart neuer wonne faire Lady. Francesco hearing his Mistresse thus pleasant, tooke Opportunity by the forehead, and dealt so with his Insida, that before hée went all was well, shée blusht not, nor hée basht, but both made vp their market with a faire of kisses: which simpathy of affections, bred the poore gentlemans ouerthrowe: for he was so snared in the wilie trammels of her alluring flattery, that neither the remembrance of his Isabel, the care of his childe, the fauour of his friends, or the feare of discredite, coulde in any wise hale him from that hell, whereinto through his owne folly he was fallen.

Where, by the way (Gentlemen) let vs note the subtilty of these Syrens, that with their false harmony perswade, and then preiudice, who bewitch like Calypso, and inchant like Circes, carrying a shew, as if they were Vestals, and could with Amulia carry water in a siue, when they are flat Curtizans, as farre from honesty, as they are from deuotion. At the first, they carry a faire shew, resembling Calisto, who hid her vanities with Dianaes vaile, hauing in their lookes a coy disdaine, but in their hearts a hot desire, denying with the tongne, and enticing with their lookes, reiecting in words, and alluring in gestures, & such a one (Gentlemen) was Infida, who so plied Francesco with her flattering fawnes, that as the yron followes the Adamant, the straw the Jeat, and the Helitropian the beames of the Sun, so his actions were directed after her eie, and what she said, stood for a principle, insomuch, that he was not onely ready in all submis humors to please her fancies, but willing for the least word of offence, to draw his weapon against the stoutest Champion in all Troynouant. Thus seated in her beauty hée liued a long while, forgetting his returne to Caerbranke, till on a day sitting musing with himselfe, hée fell into a deepe consideration of his former fortunes & present follies: wherupon taking his Lute in his hand, hée sung this Roundelay.

Francesco

Francescoes Roundelay.

SItting and sighing in my secret muse,
As once *Apollo* did, surprisde with loue,
Noting the slippery waies yong yeares doe vse,
What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue,
With bitter teares despairing I doe crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.

When wanton age, the blossomes of my time,
Drew me to gaze vpon the gorgeous sight,
That beauty pompous in her highest prime,
Presents to tangle men with sweet delight,
Then with despairing teares my thoughts doe cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When I surueyde the riches of her lookes,
Whereout flewe flames of neuer quencht desire,
Wherein lay baits, that *Venus* snares with hookes,
Oh where prowd *Cupid* sate all arm'd with fire:
Then toucht with loue my inward soule did crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The milke-white *Galaxia* o^c her browe,
Where loue doth dance *lauoltas* of his skill,
Like to the Temple where true louers vowe,
To follow what shall please their mistresse will,
Noting her Iuory front, now doe I crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Her face like siluer *Luna* in her shine,
All tainted through with bright vermillian straines,
Like Lillies dipt in *Bacchus* choycest wine,
Powdred and interseamd with azur'd vaines,
Delighting in their pride, now may I crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.

The

The golden wyres that checkers in the day,
Inferior to the treſſes of her haire,
Her Amber trammels did my hart diſmay,
That when I lookte, I durſt not ouer-dare:
Proude of her pride, now am I forſt to cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Theſe fading beauties drew me vnto ſin,
Natures great riches framde my bitter ruth,
Theſe were the traps that Loue did ſnare me in,
Oh theſe, and none but theſe haue wrackt my youth,
Miſled by them, I may deſpairing cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

By theſe I ſlipt from vertues holy tracke,
That leades vnto the higheſt Chriſtall Spheare,
By theſe I fel to vanity and wracke,
And as a man forlorne with ſin and feare:
Diſpaire and ſorrow doth conſtraine me cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Although this ſonnet was of his ready inuention, and that he vttered it in the bitternes of mind, yet after he had paſt ouer his melancholy, and from his ſolitary was fallen into company, he forgat his patheticall impreſſion of vertue, and like the dog did *redire ad vomitum*, and fell to his owne vomite, reſembling thoſe Grecians, that with Vlyſſes drinking of Circes druggs, loſt both forme and memorie. Well, his affaires were done, his horſe ſolde and no other buſineſſe nowe reſted to hinder him from hying home, but his Miſtreſſe, which was ſuch a violent detainer of his perſon, and thoughts, that there is no heauen but Infidaes houſe, where although he pleaſantly entred in with delight, yet cowardly he ſlipt away with repentance. Well, leauing him to his new loues, at laſt to Iſabel, who daily expected the comming home of her beſt beloued Franceſco, thinking euery houre a yeare, till ſhe might ſee him, in whom reſted all her content. But when (poore ſoule) ſhe could neither feede her ſight with his preſence,

sence, nor his eares with his letters, she began so to lower, & grewe so discontent, that she fel into a feuer. Fortune that meant to try her patience, thought to prouide her with these tragical newes. It was told her by certaine Gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands priuate familiars, that he meant to soiourn most part of the yeare in Troynouant: one blunt fellow amongst the rest that was plaine and without fashode, told her the whole cause of his residence, how he was in loue with a most beautiful Gentlewoman called Infida, and that so deepely, that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring Curtizan. At this Isabell made no account, but toke it as a friuolous tale, and thought the worse of such as buzzed such fantastical follies into her eares: but when the general report of his demeanors were bruted abroad throughout all Cambrancke, then with blushing cheekes, she hid her head, and grieuing at his follies & her own fortunes, smothred the flames of her sorrowes with inward conceit, but outwardly withstood such inflatirical tearmes as did inueigh against the honestie of Francesco, so that he wonne great commendations of al for her loyaltie and constancie: yet when shee was gotten secret by her selfe, her heart ful of sorrowful passions, and her eyes ful of teares, shee began to meditate with herselfe of the prime of her youth vowed to Francesco, how shee forsoke, Father, friends, and Countrey, to be a paramour vnto her harts paragon. The vowes he made, when he carried her away in the night, the solemne promises and protestations that were vttred. When she had pondred al these things, then shee called to minde Æneas, Demophoon, and Theseus, and matcht them with Dido, Phillis, and Areadne, and at last, sighed thus: And shall it bee so betweene Isabel and Francesco? No, thinke not so (fond woman) let not iealousie blind thee, whom loue hath indued with such piercing insight: for as there is no content to the swetnes of loue, so there is no dispaire to the preiudice of iealousie: whereupon to shake off all fancies, she toke her Cittern in her hand, and sung this verse out of Arioſto.

Che piu felice è pui iocundo ſtato,
Che viuer pui dolce è pui beato
Seruir diſeruire vno amoroſo cuore,

Che d'esser in seruitud amore,
Se non fuisse huomo sempre stimulato,
Da quella rio timore, da quella frenezia,
Da quella rabbia, della gelozia.

Yet as women are constant, so they are easie to beléeue, especially truth, and so it fel out with Isabel, for she (poore soule) could take no rest, so was her head troubled with these newes, hammering a thousand humors in her braine, how shée might know the certainty of his follies, and how she might reclaime him from his new entertaind affection. She considered with her selfe, that men allure Doues by the beauty of the house, and reclaime Hawkes by the fairenes of the lure, and that loue ioyned with vertue, were able to recall the most straging Æneas to make sailes againe to Carthage. Tush (quoth shée to her selfe) suppose he be falne in loue with a curtizan, & that beautie hath giuen him the braue: what, shal I vtterly condemne him? No, as he was not the first, so he shal not be the last. What, youth wil haue his swinge, the briar wil be ful of prickles, the nettle wil haue his sting, & youth his amours: men must loue, and wil loue, though it bee both against law and reason, a croked sien wil proue a straight tree, the Iuniper is sower when it is a twig, and sweet when it is a tree: time changeth maners, and Francesco, when he entreth into the condition of a flattering Curtizan, wil forsake her, and returne penitent & more louing to his Isabel. Thus like a good wife she construed al to the best: yet she thought to put him in minde of his returne, and therefore she writ him a letter to this effect.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

IF Penelope longed for her Vlysses, thinke Isabel wisheth for her Francesco, as loyall to thée as shée was constant to the wilie Greeke, and no lesse desirous to sée thée in Caerbrancke, than shée to enioy his presence in Ithaca, watering my chéekes with as many teares, as she her face with plaints: yet my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as she, to increase her cares,

for

for I haue such resolution in thy constancy, that no Circes with al her inchauntments, no Calypso with al her sorceries, no Syren with al her melodies could peruert thée from thinking on thine Isabel. I know Francesco, so deepely hath the faithful promise and loyal vowes made & interchanged betwéen vs taken place in thy thoughts, that no time how long soeuer, no distance of place, howsoeuer different, may alter that impression. But why do I inferre this needelesse insinuation to him, that no vanity can alienate from vertue: let me Francesco, perswade thée with other circumstances. First my sweet, think how thine Isabel lies alone, measuring the time with sighs, and thine absence with passions, counting the day dismal, and the night ful of sorrowes, being euery way discontent, because she is not content with her Francesco. The onely comfort that I haue in thine absence is thy child, who lies on his mothers knée, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a wooer. But when the boy sayes, Nam, where is my Dad, when wil he come home? Then the calme of my content, turneth to a present storme of piercing sorrow, that I am forced sometime so say: Unkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabel. I hope Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults that procureth this long delay. For if I knew my follies did any way offend thée, to rest thus long absent, I would punish my selfe both with outward and inward penance. But howsoeuer, I pray for thy health, and thy speedy returne, and so Francesco farewel.

Thine more then her owne, *Isabel.*

SHe hauing finished her letters, conueied thẽ spédily to Troynouant, where they were deliuered to Francesco, who receiuing them with a bluh, went into his study, & there vnript the seales with a sigh, perceiuing by the contents that Isabel had an inkling of his vnkinde Loues, which drawe him into a great quandary, that deeply entring into the insight of his lasciuious life, he began to feele a remorse in his conscience, how grieuously he had offended her, that had so faithfully loued him. Oh, quoth hée, shal I be so ingrate as to quittance affection with fraude? So vnkinde as to weigh downe loue with discourtesie, to giue her a wéede that presents me a flower, and to beate her with net-

ties, that perfumes mée with Roses: consider with thy selfe Francesco, how deeply thou dost sin. First thou offendest thy God in chosing so wanton a Goddesse: then thou dost wrong thy wife, in preferring an inconstant Curtizan before so faithfull a Paramour; yet Francesco, thy Parnell is in the grasse, thou mayst stop at the brim, because thou hast neuer touched the bottome. What? men may fall, but to wallow in wickednes is a double fault. Therefore recall thy selfe, reclaime thy affections: Is not thine Isabel as faire? Oh, if shée be not, yet is she more vertuous. Is not Isabel so witty as Infida? Oh, but she is more constant, and then art thou so mad, to preferre drosse before gold, a common flint before a choice diamond, vice before vertue, fading beauty before the excellent inward qualities? No, shake off these follies, and say both in mouth and heart, none like Isabel. This he saide by himselfe, but when he went forth of his Chamber, and espied his mistris loking out at her windowe, al this géere changed, and the case was altered: she called, and in hée must, and there in a iealt scofft at his wiues letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and saying, I will not leaue this Troy for the chastest Penelope in the world.

Thus he swthed himselfe in the sweetnesse of his sin, resembling the Leopards that fede on Marioram while they die, or the people Hyperborei, that sit so long and gaze against the sun til they become blinde: so he doated on the perfection of Infida, til it grew to his vtter prejudice: for no reason could diuert him from his damned intent, so had he drowned himselfe in the degrées of lust: insomuch that he counted it no sin to offend with so faire a Saint: alluding to the saying of the holy Father:

Consuetudo peccandi, tollit sensum peccati.

Thus did these two continue in the Simpathy of these sins, while poore *Isabel* rested her at home content in this, that at last he would be reclaimed, and til then she would vse patience, séeing *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* Wallowing thus in the folds of their owne follies, Fortune that meant to experience the force of loue, dealt thus conceitedly. After these two Louers had by the space of three yeares securely slumbred in the sweetnes of their pleasures, and drunk with the surfet of content, thought no other heauen but their owne supposed happines: as euery foorme hath

hath his calme, and the greatest Spring-tide the deadst ebbe, so fared it with Francesco: for so long went the pot to the water, that at last it came broken home, and so long put he his hand into his purse, that at last the emptie bottome returned him a writ of *Non est inuentus*: for well might the Diuell daunce there, for euer a crosse there was to kepe him backe.

Wel, this louer fuller of passions than of pence, began (when he entred into the consideration of his owne estate) to mourne of the chine, and to hang the lip as one that for want of sounding had stroke himselfe vpon the Sands: yet he couered his inward sorrow with outward smiles, and like Ianus, presented his Pistris with a merry looke, when the other side of his visage was full of sorrowes. But shee that was as good as a touch-stone to try mettalls, could straight spie by the laast where the shoe wringed him: and seeing her Francesco was almost foundred, thought to see if a skilfull Farriar might mend him: if not, like an vnthankfull Hackney man, she meant to turne him into the bare Leas, and set him as a tired Jade to pick a Sallet.

Vpon which determination, that she might do nothing rashly, she made enquiry into his estate, what Liuings he had, what Lands to sel, how they were, either tied by Statute, or intaild. At last, through her secret and subtile inquisition, she found that all his corne was on the floore, that his sheepe were clipt, and the wool sold: to be short, that what he had by his wife could neither be sold nor mortgaged, and what he had of his owne, was spent vpon her, that nothing was left for him to liue vpon but his wits. This newes was such a cooling card to this Curtizan, that the extreame heate of her loue was already growne to bee luke warme: which Francesco might easily perceiue, for at his arriuall, his welcome was more strange, her lookes more coy, his fare more slender, her glances lesse amorous: and she seemed to be Infida in proportion, but not in wonted passions.

This vncouth disdaine made Francesco maruel, who yet had not entred into her deceits, nor (being simple of himselfe) had euer yet experienst a strumpets subtilty, he imputed therefore his mistresse coynesse to the distemperature of her body, and thought, that being not wel, it was no wonder though she gaue him the lesse welcome.

Thus poore nouice did he conster euery thing to the best, vntil time presented him with the truth of the worst: for in short time, his Hostes called for mony, his creditors threatned him with an arrest, his cloathes waxt thréed bare, and there was no more coyne in the mint to amend them. Where, vpon a day, sitting in a great dump by his Infida, who was as solemne as he was sorrowful, he burst forth into these speeches.

I haue read (swéet Loue) in the Aphorismes of Philosophers, that heate suppressed is more violent, the streame stopt makes the greater Deluge, and passions concealed procure the déeper sorrowes. Then in *Contrariorum contraria est ratio*, there is nothing better than a bosome friend, with whom to conferre vpon the iniury of Fortune. Finding my selfe (my Infida) ful of Pathemas as stung to the quicke, inuenomed with the Tarantula of heart-sicke torments, I thinke no medicine fitter for my malady than to bée cured by the musical harmony of thy friendly counsaile. Know then Infida, that Troynouant is a place of great expence, like the serpent Hidaspis, that the more it sucks, the more it is a thirst, eating men aliue as the Crocodile: and béeing a place of as dangerons alurement, as the seat where the Syrens sit and chaunt their preiudicial melody. It is to young Gentlemen like the Laborinth, whereout Theseus could not get without a thréed, but héere bée such monstrous Minotaures, as first deuoure the thréed, & then the person. The Innes are like Hothouses, which by little and little sweat a man into a consumption: the Host he carries a pint of wine in the one hand, to welcome, but a poniard in the other to stab, and the Hostes she hath smiles in her forehead, and prouides good meate for his guests, but the sauce is costly, for it farre excéedes the cates. If coyne want, then eyther to Limbo, or els clap vp a commoditie (if so much credite be left) where he shall find such knots, as he wil neuer be able, without his vtter preiudice, to vntie. Brokers, I leaue them off, as too course ware to be mouthd with an honest mans tongue. These Minotaurs, faire Infida, haue so eaten me vp in this Laborinth, as to be plaine with thee that art my second selfe, I want, and am so farre indebted to the Mercer and mine Hostis, as either thou must stand my friend to disburse so much mony for me, or else I must depart from Troynouant, and

so

so from thy sight, which how precious it is to me, I refer to thine owne conscience: or for an *Vltimum vale*, take vp my lodging in the Counter, which I know, as it would be vncouth to me, so it would be greeneful to thee, and therefore now hangs my welfare in thy wil. How loath I was to vtter vnto thee my want and sorrow, measure by my loue, who wish rather death than thy discontent.

Infida could scarce suffer him so long a period, and therefore with her forehead full of furrowes, she made him this answere. And would you haue me (sir) buy an ounce of pleasure, with a tunne of mishaps, or reach after repentance with so high a rate? haue I lent thee the blossomes of my youth, & delighted thee with the prime of my yeeres? hast thou had the spoile of my virginity and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substance? when thou hast withered my person, aymest thou at my wealth? No sir, no, know, that for the loue of thee, I haue crackt my credit, that neuer before was stained. I can not loke abroad without a blush, nor go with my neighbours without a frump, thou and thy name is euer cast in my dish, my foes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies: wherefore seeing thou beginnest to picke a quarrel, and hereafter, when thine owne base Fortunes haue brought thee to beggary, wilt say that Infida cost thee so many Crownes, and was thine ouerthrowe: auant Monice, home to thine owne wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) sits & wants what thou consumest at Tauernes. Thou hast had my despoyle, and I feare I beare in my belly, the token of too much loue I owed thee: Yet content with this discredit, rather then to runne into further extreamity, get thee out of my doors, for from henceforth thou shalt neuer be welcome to Infida. And with that she flung vp, and went into her chamber: Francesco would haue made a reply, but she would not heare him, nor holde him any more chat: Whereupon with a flea in his eare, he went to his lodging, there ruminating on the number of his follies, & the hardnes of his fortunes, seeing his score great, his coyne little, his credite lesse: weighing how hardly he had sped his Isabel: at last, leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eyes, he began to be thus extreamly passionate. Now Francesco, *Piscator ictus sapit*, experience is a true Pithrisse, but she maketh her scholers

tread vpon thornes, hast thou not leaped into the ditch, which thou hast so greedily desiered to reape? Oh now thou seest the difference betweene loue and lust: the one ful of contented pleasure, the other of pleasing miseries: thy thoughts were feathered with fancy, & whither did they flie? so far, that they freed themselues, and thou rest consumed. Oh Francesco, what are women? If they be honest, Saintes, the purity of nature, the excellence of vertue, the perfection of earthly content. But if they be Curtizans and Strumpets, Oh let me breathe before I can vtter the depth of such a monstrous description, they be in shape Angels, but in qualities deuils, painted Sepulchers with rotten bones, their foreheads are Kalenders of misfortunes, their eyes like comets, that when they sparkle, foretel some fatal disparagement, they allure with amorous glances of lust, and kil with bitter lookes of hate, they haue dimples in their cheekes to deceiue, and wrinckles in their browes to betray, their lips are like to the pony combs, but who tasteth the drops, is impoysoned: they are as cleare as Christal, but bruse them, and they are as infectious as the Diamond, their teares are like the Aconiton that the Hydra wept: they present as Deianira, shirts for presents, but whoso puts them on, consumes like Hercules, they lay out the folds of their haire, and intangle men in their tresses, playing the horse-leach, that sucketh while they burst, betweene their breasts is the vale of destruction, and in their beds, oh there is sorrow, repentance, hel, and dispaire. They consume man aliue, and ayme at his substance, not his perfection, like Eagles, that onely flie thither where the carrion is, they leade men to hel, and leaue them at the gates. To be briefe, they are ingratefull, periured, vntrue, inconstant, fleeting, ful of fraud, deceitful, and to conclude in one word, they be very refuse of natures excrements. Oh Francesco, what a satirical inuective hast thou vttered? I may best (quoth he) for I haue bought euery principle with a pound. What now rests for thee poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to end al these miseries, and that is this: draw thy rapier, and so die, that with a manly resolution thou maist preuent thy further misfortunes. Oh although thou hast sinned, yet dispaire not, though thou art Anathema, yet proue not an Atheist, the mercy of God is aboue al his

workes,

wo:ks, & repentance is a p:etious balme. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth Francesco, to Isabel, who with her patience will couer al thy follies: remember this, man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*

Thus he ended, & with verie griefe fell in a slumber. At this the Palmer b:eathed, & made a stop, & a long period. His Host desirous to heare out the end of Francescoes fo:tunes, wished him to goe fo:ward in his discourse. Pardon me sir, quoth the Palmer, the night is late, and I haue trauelled all the day: my belly is full, and my bones would be at rest. Therefo:e, fo: this time, let thus much suffice, and to mo:rowe at our vp:rising, which shalbe with the Sunne, I will not onely discourse vnto you the end of Francescoes amours, of his returne home to his wife, & his repentance, but manifest vnto you the reason why I aymed my pilgrimage to Venice. The gentleman and his wife very loath to be tedious to the good Palmer, were content with his p:omise: & so, taking vp the candle, lighted him to bed where we leaue him. And therefo:e, as soone as may be, (Gentlemen) looke fo: Francescoes further Fo:tunes, and after that, my Farewell to Follies: and then,

adue to amo:ous Pamphlets.

FINIS.

Greenes second parte of Neuer too late.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

NO sooner did Phœbus burnish the heauen with his b:ightnes, & decke in a glo:ious diademe of chrisolites, had mounted him on his Coach to lighten the Lampe that maketh Flora beauteous, but the Palmer was vp, & at his Matins, being as deuoute in his thoughts, as he was mindfull of his trauels: walking in the garden all alone, and seeing the Sun now peeping

out of the Eaſt, he began to meditate with himſelf of the ſtate of man, comparing his life to the length of a ſpan, or the compaſſe of the Sun, who riſing bright and orient, continueth but his appointed courſe, & that oft times ſhadowd with ſo many clowds, and ſtained with a ſable veile of ſuch thicke fogs, that he is more darkned with ſtorme, then beautified with light: and if it fortune his ſhine is without blemiſh, yet he ſetteth, and that more oft in a folde of clowdes, then in a cleere ſkie: ſo man borne in the pride of beauty or pomp of wealth, be his honors equal with his fortunes, and he as happie as Auguſtus, yet his life hath but his limits, and that clogged with ſo many cares & croſſes, that his daies are more full of miſeries, then of pleaſures; and his diſaſter miſhaps, are more then his proſperous fortunes: but if the ſtars grace him with al fauourable aſpects, and that he line ful of content, in many honors and much wealth, yet his prime hath his autumne, his faire bloſſoms turne to tawny leaues, age will ſhake him by the ſhoulder, & nature will haue his due, that at laſt hee muſt ſet with the Sunne, and perhaps in ſuch a clowd of ſin, as his riſing may be in a ſtorme of ſorrowes. Thus did the Palmer meditate with himſelfe, being penitent for the follies of his youth, that at laſt thinking to be as muſical to him ſelfe, as the birds were mellodious; he chanted out this Ode.

The penitent Palmers Ode.

Whilome in the Winters rage,
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sate and thought vpon his youth,
With eyes teares, and hearts ruth,
Being all with cares y'blent,
When he thought on yeares miſ-ſpent,
When his follies came to minde,
How fond loue had made him blinde,
And wrapt him in a field of woes,
Shadowed with pleaſures ſhowes,
Then he ſighed and ſaid alaſſe,
Man is ſinne, and fleſh is graſſe.
I thought my Miſtris haires were gold,

And in her locks my heart I fold:
Her amber tresses were the sight,
That wrapped me in vaine delight:
Her Iuory front, her prettie chin,
Were stales that drew me on to sin:
Her starrie lookes, her christall eyes,
Brighter then the Sunnes arise:
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yoakt my thoughts and my desire,
That I gan cry ere I blin,
Oh her eyes are paths to sin.
Her face was faire, her breath was sweete,
Al her lookes for loue were meete:
But loue is follie this I know,
And beautie fadeth like to snow.
Oh why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossome like a dew doth glide?
When these supposes toucht my thought,
That world was vaine, and beautie nought,
I gan to sigh, and say alasse,
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Palmer hauing ended his Ode, sate in a great dump in the garden, when his Host accompanied with his wife, desirous to heare out Francescoes fortune, were come into the place, and gaue him the bon iorno thus: Curteous Palmer, a kind salute to waken you from your mornings meditation: I see you keep the prouerb for a principle; to bed with the Bee, & vp with the Larke: no sooner the Sun is in the skie, bnt you are at your orisons, either ruminating passions, or penance: either some olde remembrance, or some new reuerse. Howsoeuer (gentle Palmer) tis no manners to enter too farre into your thoughts, and therefore leauing your secrets to your selfe, *Come stato la vostra signiori a quest amatina.* The Palmer that had learned a little broken Italian, seeing his honest Host in such a merrie moode, made this answer. *Io sto bonsignior diu merce, ringratiandoui sonnamenti di vostra grande cortesia*, holding it fitte for my fortunes to haue many cares, and little sleepe, that my penance may be

great ſith my ſinnes are many: long ſlumbers are for idle perſons, not for penitent Palmers, and ſweet dreames are no inſtances of hartie deuotion: therefore doe I watch with the mouſe to argue my ſelfe miſerable, & inioyne my ſelfe to much paines, becauſe I am combred with many paſſions.

This morning entring into this garden, I ſawe by the workes of nature, the courſe of the world: for when I ſaw Floraes glory ſhut vp in the foldes of Iris frowns, I began to conſider, that the pride of man, was like the pomp of a flower, that to day glories in the field, and to morrow is in the fornace: that we be like the flies Hemeræ, that take life with the Sun, and die with the dew: that our honors are compared to the bloſſomes of a Cedar, which vaniſh ere they begin to burniſh: and all our triumphs, like characters written in ſnow, that printed in a vapour, at the leaſt Sun-ſhine diſcouer our vanity, for they ars as ſone melted, as our pleaſures are momentarie. Tied by fates to this tickle ſtate, we haue nothing more certaine than to die, nor nothing more vncertaine, then the houre of death: and therefore when I call to minde the follies of my youth, how they haue bene tickled with vice, I rouet in the flower of my yeares, to repent and amend: for

Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.

You doe well ſir (quoth the Gentleman) in all your actions to conſider the end: for he that fore-repents, foreſees many perils: had I wiſt is a great fault, and after wits are bitten with many ſorrows: therefore, ſuch as grieue at their follies, & couet to preuent dangerous fortunes, they which take an antidote of grace againſt the deadly aconiton of ſin, and with preſent remorſe preuent enſuing vanities, ſuch indeede, as they liue wel, ſhal die bleſſed. But leauing this humor til another time, you may ſee by our early riſing, how my wife and I were delighted with your euenings parle: for truſt me ſir, deſire of Franceſcoes further fortunes, made vs thus watchful, & therefore ſeeing the morning is gray, and our longing great, & yet a good while to breakfaſt, if your leiſure may afford ſo much, I pray you ſitte downe and tel vs what was the end of his loues, and the effects of his repentãce. The Palmer very willing to pleaſure his curteous Hoſt, ſats him downe in an Arbour, and began thus.

The

The Palmers tale of Francesco.

As soone as Francesco awakt from his slumber, & began to enter further into the consideratiō of Infidas cousenage, his hart throbd at his follies, and a present passion of his great misfortunes so payned him, that al perplexed, he beganne againe to sing his former song, & to say that womens thoughts were like to the leaues of a date tree that change colors with the wind, in a moment, figuring out sorrow with teares, and in that instant descyphering pleasure with smiles: neither to resolute with the stoicks to yeeld to no passions, nor to absolute with the Epicures to surfet with ouermuch chastitie: their desires (quoth he) resemble Eolus forehead, that next euery storme containes a calme: their dēdes are Almanacks that discypher nothing but vncertainetie: either to scrupulous with Daphne to contemne al, or to voluptuous with Venus to desire all: and straight, neither flesh nor fish as the porpoise, but time pleasers, to content thēselues with varietie of fancies. In this homorous melancholy he rose vp & ranged about the city, despairing of his estate as a mā penilesse, and therefore impatient, because he knew not how to redresse his miseries: to relie vpon the help of a Curtizan, hee saw by experience, was to hang hope in the ayre: to stand vpon the fauor of friends, that was bootlesse: for he had few in the Citty, as being but a stranger there, & such as he had, were won with an Apple, trencher friends, & therefore to be left with the puffe of the least blast of aduersities. To go home to his wife to faire Isabel, that was as hard a censure as the sentence of death: for shame of his follies made him ashamed to shew his face to a womā of so high deserts. In this perplexitie he passed ouer three or foure daies, til his purse was cleane empty, his seruze great, & his hostes would trust him for no more money, but threatned him, if present payment were not made, to lay him in prison. This newes was hard to Francesco, that knew not how to auoyd the preiudice, only his refuge was to preuent such a mis-fortune to carry his aparel to the brokers, & with great losse to make money to pay for his diet: which once discharged, he walkt vp & downe as a man forlorne, hauing neither coine nor credit. Necessity that stingeth vnto the quick, made him set his wits on the tenter, & to strech his brains

as high as Ela, to see how hee could recouer pence to defray his charges by any sinister meanes to salue his sorrows: the care of his parents and of his owne honor, perswading him from making gaine by labor: he had neuer bin brought vp to any mechanical course of life. Thus euery way destitute of meanes to liue, he sighed out this olde said sawe, *Miserrimum est fuisse beatum:* yet at last, as extremities search very far, he called to mind that he was a scholler, and that although in these daies Art wanted honor, & lerning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought to so lowe an ebbe, but that there might some profit arise by thē, to procure his maintenance. In this humor he fel in amongst a company of players, who perswaded him to try his witte, in writing of Comedies, Tragedies, or Pasterals: and if he could performe any thing worth the stage, then they would largely reward him for his paines. Francesco glad of this motion, seing a meanes to mittigate the extremity of his want, thought it no dishonor to make gaine of his wit, or to get profit by his pen: & therefore getting him home to his chamber, writte a Comedy, which so generally pleased all the audience, that happy were those Actors in short time, that could get any of his workes, hee grew so exquisite in that faculty. By this meane his want was relieued, his credit in his hosts house recouered, his apparell in greater brauery then was, & his purse well lined with crownes.

At this discourse of Francesco, the Gentleman toke his guest by the hand, & broke off his tale thus. Now gentle Palmer, seing we are fallen by course of prattle to parles of playes, if without offence, doe me that fauour to shew me your iudgement of playes, play-makers, & players. Although (quoth the Palmer) that some for being too lauish against that faculty, haue for their satirical inuectiues bin wel canuased: yet seing here is none but our selues, & that I hope what you heare shall be troden vnder foote, I will flatly say what I can, both (vpon by reading, and experience. The inuention of Comedies were first found amongst the Greeks, and practised at Athens: some thinke by Menander, whom Terence so highly commends in his Heautontimorumenon. The reason was, that vnder the couert of such pleasant, & Comicall euents, they aymed at the ouerthrow of many vanities that then raigned in the cities: for wherein they painted out

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in the persons the course of the world, how either it was graced with honor or discredited with vices: there might you see leueld out the vaine life that boasting Thrases vse, smothed vp with the selfe conceipt of their owne excellence, the miserable estate of couetous parets that rather let their sons taste of any misfortuns than to releeue thē with the superfluity of their wealth: the portraiture of parasitical friends, which lothe yong Gentlmen subtilly in their follies, as long as they may: *Ex eorum fallo viuere*, was set out in liuely colours. In those Comedies the abuse of Bawds that made sale of honest virgins, and liued by the spoyle of womēs honors, was deeply discouered. To be short, Lechery, Couetousnes, Pride, self-loue, disobedience of parents, and such vices predominant both in age and youth were shot at, not only with examples & instances to feede the eye, but with golden sentences of morall works to please the eare. Thus did Menander win honor in Greece with his works, and reclaime both old and yong for their vanities by the pleasant effects of his Comedies. After him this facultie grew to be famous in Rome, practised by Plautus, Terence, and other that excelled in this qualitie, alayming as Menander did in al their works to suppresse vice & aduance vertue. Now so highly were Comedies esteemed in those daies, that men of great honor & graue account were the Actors, the senate & the consuls continually present, as auditours at al such sports, rewarding the author with rich rewards, according to the excellencie of the Comedie. Thus continued this facultie famous til couetousnesse crept into the qualitie, and that meane men gredy of gaines did fal to practise the acting of such plaies, and in the Theatre presented their Comedies, but to such only as rewarded them wel for their paines: when thus Comedians grew to be mercinaries, then men of account left to practise such pastimes, and disdained to haue their honors blemisht with the staine of such base & vile gaines: insomuch, that both Comedies and Tragedies grew to lesse account in Rome, in that the free sight of such sports was taken away by couetous desires: yet the people (who are delighted with such nouelties & pastimes) made great resort, paide largely, & highly applauded their doings, insomuch, that the Actors by continuall vse, grew not only excellent, but rich, & insolent. Amongst whom, in the daies of Tullie,

one Roſcius grew to be of ſuch exquiſit perfection in the facultie, that he offered to contende with the Orators of that time in geſture, as they did in eloquence, boaſting that he could expreſſe a paſſion in as many ſundry actions, as Tully could diſcourſe it in varietie of phraſes: yea ſo prowd he grew by the daily applauſe of people, that he loked for honor and reuerence to bee done him in the ſtreets: which ſelfe conceit when Tully entred into with a piercing inſight, he quipt at in this maner.

It chaunced that Roſcius & he met at dinner, both gueſts vnto Archias the Poet, where the proud Comedian dared to make compariſon with Tully: which inſolence made the learned Orator to grow into theſe tearms: why Roſcius art thou proud with Eſops Crow, béeing pranct with the glory of others feathers: of thy ſelfe thou canſt ſay nothing, & if the cobler hath taught thée to ſay, Aue Cæſar, diſdain not thy tutor becauſe thou prateſt in a kings chamber: what ſentence thou vttereſt on the ſtage, flowes from the cenſure of our wits, and what ſentence or concept of the inuention the people applaud for excelent, that comes from the ſecrets of our knowledge, I grant your action, though it be a kind of mechanical labour, yet wel done, tis worthy of praiſe: but you worthleſſe, if for ſo ſmal a toy you ware prowd. At this Roſcius wart red, and bewrayed his imperfection with ſilence, but this check of Tully, could not kéepe others from the blemiſh of that fault, for it grew to a general vice among the Actors, to excel in pride, as they excéded in excellencie, & to braue it in the ſtréets, as they brag it on the ſtage: ſo that they reueld it in Rome in ſuch coſtly roabes, that they ſéemed rather men of great patrimonie, then ſuch as liued by the fauor of the people. Which Publius Seruilius very wel noted, for he being the ſonne of a Senator, and a man very valiant, met on a day with a Player in the ſtreets richly apparreled, who ſo farre forgat himſelfe, that hée toke the wal of the young noble man, which Seruilius taking in diſdaine, counterchekt with this frumpe: my friend (quoth he) be not ſo brag of thy ſilken roabes, for I ſaw them but yeſterday make a great ſhew in a brokers ſhop. At this the one was aſhamed, and the other ſmild, and they which heard the quip, laught at the folly of the one, and the wit of the other. Thus ſir haue you heard my opinion briefly of players, that Menander deuiſed then

for

for the suppressing of vanities, necessary in a common wealth, as long as they are vsed in their right kind: the playmakers worthy of honour for their Art: and players, men deseruing both prayse and profit, as long as they wax neither couetous, nor insolent. I haue caused you sir (quoth the gentleman) to make a large digression, but you haue resolued me in a matter that I long doubted of, and therefore I pray you, againe to Francesco. Why then thus quoth the Palmer, after he grew excellent for making of Comedies, he wart not only brane, but ful of Crownes: which Infida hearing of, & hauing intelligence what course of life he did take, thought to cast forth her lure to reclaime him, though by her vnkindnes he was proued haggard: for she thought that Francesco was such a tame sole, that he would be brought to strike at any stale, decking her selfe therefore as gorgiously as she could, painting her face with the choice of al her drugs, she walked abroad where she thought Francesco vsed to take the aire: Loue & Fortune ioyning in league, so fauored her, that according to her desire she met him. At which incounter, I gesse, more for shame thē loue, she blusht: & fild her countenance with such repentant remorse (yet hauing her lokes ful of amorous glaunces) that shee seemed like Venus, reconciling her selfe to froward Mars. The sight of Infida was pleasing in the sight of Francesco, and almost as deadly as the Basiliske: that had he not had about him Moly as Vlysses, he had beene inchanted by the charmes of that wily Circes: but the abuse so stuck in his stomack that she had proferd him in his extremity, that he returned all her glaunces with a frowne, and soparted. Infida was not amated with his angrie mode, as one that thought loues fornace of force to heat the coldest Amatist, & the swāt words of a woman as able to draw on desire, as the Syrens melody the passengers. What (quoth shee) though for a while he be cholerick, Beauty is able to quench the flame, as it sets harts on fire: as Helens faults angred Paris, so hir fauours pleased Paris: though he were false to Menelaus, yet hir faire made him broke hir follies: Women are priuiledged to haue their words & their wils, & whom they kil with a frowne, they can retrue with a smile. Truly Francesco is not froward, but he may be woone, he is no Saturnist to beare anger long, he is some hot, and some cold, cholerick and kind harted: who though

he be scolded away with bitter wordes, he will be reclaimed againe with sweet kisses: a womans teares are Adamant, and men are no harder then Iron, and therefore may be drawne to pittie their passions. I will faine, flatter, and what not, to get againe my Francesco: for his purse is full, & my coffers war empty. In this humor taking pen and paper, she wrot a letter to him to this effect.

Infida to *Francesco* what he wants in health or wealth.

IF my outward penance (Francesco) could discouer my inward passions, my sighs bewray my sorrowes, or my countenance my miseries, then should I loke the most desolate of al, as I am most distrest of al, and the furrows in my face be numberles, as the griefes of my hart are matchles. But as the feathers of the Halciones glister most against the sorest storme, & Nylus is most calme against a deluge, so the sorrowes of my mind are so great, that they smother inwardly, though they make no outward appearãce of mishap. Al these miseries Francesco grow frõ the consideration of mine own discurtesies, for when I think of thy constancy, thy faith, thy feature, & thy beauty: and weigh with my selfe how al these vowd vnto Infida, they were lost by the disloialty of Infida, I cal it in question, whether I had better despaire and die, or in hope of thy fauour, linger out my life. Penance of frée wil, merits pardons of course, and griefs that grow from remorse, deserue to be salued with ruth. I confesse Francesco, that I wronged thée, & therfore I am wrong at the hart: but so doth the Idea of thy perfection, and the excellence of thy vertues frame a restlesse passion in my heart, that although thou shouldst vow to loath me, I cannot cease to loue thée. Oh, consider women haue their faults, & act that in an houre, they repent al their life after. Though Mars & Venus brabled, they were frinds after brawls, for a Louers iarre ought not to be a perpetual discord, but like a sun-shine shower, that be it neuer so sharp, is accoũted no storm: forgiue & forget Francesco then hartily, that I repent so deepely: grace thy Infida againe with one smile, ease her impatient passions with thy swéet presence: & assure thy self she wil satisfie with loue, what she hath offended with folly. Vnes that are brokẽ, & after set againe, are the more stronger: Where the Beech tree is cut,

cut, there it growes most hard: reconciled friendship is the liuelieſt amity. Then be friends with thy Infida: looke on her, & but viſit her: and if ſhe win not thy loue with her words, & ſhew her ſelfe ſo penitent that thou ſhalt pardon: then let her perish in her owne miſfortunes, and die for want of thy fauour. Farewel.

Thine euer diſpairing Infida.

THis letter ſhe ſealed vp and ſent it by a ſecret friend to Francesco, who at the firſt, knowing frō whence it came, would ſcarcely receiue it: yet at laſt willing to heare what humour had made the Curtizan write vnto him: he broke ope the ſeales, and read the former contents: which when he had throwly peruſed, he found himſelfe perplexed: for the cunning of her flattery, made the poore man paſſionate, inſomuch that ſitting downe with the letter in his hand, he began thus to meditate with himſelf, Why doſt thou vouchſafe Francesco to looke on her letters that is ſo leud, to view her lines that are powdred with flattery, to heare her charmes that ſeekes thy preiudice, to liſten to ſuch a Caliſo that aimes only at thy ſubſtance, not at thy perſon?

While thou wert poore her forehead was ful of frownes, & in hir lookes ſat the glooms of diſdain: but when ſhe ſées thou haſt feathered thy neſt, and haſt crowns in thy purſe, ſhe would play the Woorſe-leach to ſuck away thy wealth: and now would ſhe be thy harts gold, while ſhe left thée not one dram of gold. Oh Francesco, ſhe hides her clawes, but lookes for her prey with the Tyger, ſhe weepes with the Crocodile, and ſmiles with the Syrena, and flatters with the Panther, and vnder the couert of a ſugred bait, ſhrowdes the intent of thy bane. Knoweſt thou not, that as the Marble drops againſt raine, ſo their teares ſore point miſchiefe, that the fauours of a Curtizan are like the ſongs of the Grashopper, that euer foretell ſome fatall diſparagement.

Beware then Francesco (*Piſcatur ictus ſapit*) ſhe hath once burnt thée, feare fire with the child, ſhe hath croſt thée with diſdaine, couet not with deſire: hate hir, for in loathing ſuch a one thou loueſt thy God. Return not with the dog to the vomit, walow not with ſwine in the mire, forſée not the beſt and follow the worſt. And yet Francesco, truſt me, ſhe is faire, beautiful, and wiſe: but with that a Curtizan: perhaps ſhe wil now loue thée faithfully,

if she doe, fond man, is not her harlie liking hateful lust: dangerous to the body, and damnation to the soule. Tis a saying not so common as true, that hee which loketh continually against the Sun, shal at last be blinde, that whoso handleth pitch, must needs be defiled, the tree that abideth many blasts, at last falleth by the Carpenters axe, the bird that striketh at euery stale, cannot long escape the snare, so long goeth the pitcher to the broke, that at last it comes broken home: & he that securely swimmeth in sinne, shal surely be drowned in iniquity, whoso bindeth two sinnes togither, shal neuer be reuenged in the one, and hee that delighteth to offend in youth, shal no doubt feel the punishment. *Quod differtur non aufertur.* Though God for a time suffer a man to wallow in his own wickednes, & to say vnto his soule, Tush, the Lord regardeth not the way of sinners, nor suspecteth the misdeeds of men, he is slow to wrath, & prone to pittie, yet the Lord at last loketh down from heauen, and reuengeth al his grieuous sins, with a heauie plague, yea he roteth him out from the face of the earth, and his place is no more seene. Consider then Francesco, if the Lord suffer thee in thine iniquity, and deferre present punishment, it is because thy mercy may seeme the more, & thy sin the greater. He that hath the dropsie, drinketh while he bursteth, and yet not satisfied: the Horse-leach hath two daughters that neuer cry enough: whoso is stung with the serpent Dipsas, burneth, but can neuer be cooled, and whoso is inflamd with sin, thirsteth continually after wickednes, vntil he hath supped the dregs of Gods displeasure, to his owne destruction. Beware by this, fal not into the trap, when thou seest the traine: for knowing the sinne, if thou offendest against thy owne conscience, the Lord wil send vpon thee, cursing, trouble, and shame in al thou settest thy hand vnto, and wil not cease to reuenge, vntill thou perish from off the face of the earth. Oh, hast thou not at home an Isabel, that is the wife of thy youth, & the only friend of thy bosome, indued with such exquisite beauty, & exceeding vertue, that it is hard to iudge, whether the pure complexion of her body, or the perfect constitution of her mind, holds the supremacy: And is not a peaceable woman and of a good heart, the gift of the Lord: There is nothing so much worth, as a woman wel instructed, a shamefast and faithful woman, is a double grace, and there is no trea-

treasure to be compared to her continent mind: but as the glitte-
ring beames of the Sun when it ariseth, decketh the heauen: so
the beauty of a good wife adorneth the house: and as golden pil-
lers doe shine vpon the sockets of siluer, so doth a faire face in a
vertuous mind. Shall the feare of God then Francesco be so far
from thine eyes, as to leaue thine owne wife, and imbrace a Cur-
tizan, to leaue the law of God, & suffer thy heart to be subuerted
by lust? The Lyon so abhorreth this crime, as he killeth the lyo-
nesse, for committing this fact. The Storke neuer medleth but
with his mate. The Iacinth stone will not be worne on the fin-
ger of an adulterer, nor the Oline grow, if planted by one that
leadeth his life in vnlawfull lusts: and wilt thou shew thy selfe
more careles in this crime than brute beasts? more wretchlesse
then vnreasonable creatures? more senceless than stones? yea
far lesse in vertue than a man: and far more in vice than a beast?
Then will the Lord loke down from heauen, & plague thee with
a heauy curse. At this clause standing a great while in a maze,
at the last he crept to his standish, and wrote this answer.

Francesco wisheth to Infida, remorse of conscience, and
regard of honesty.

I Haue read thy letters Infida, wherein I hoped to haue found
more honesty and lesse vanity, a signe of better thoughts and
lines of more remorse: else had I left them sealed, as I count to
leaue thee vnseene. But I perceiue, as no time will alter the pan-
ther from his spots, the mouse from her feare, nor the tigre from
his fiercenes: so, neither date nor reason will chaunge the conditi-
ons of a Curtizan. Thou writest thou hast not liberty enough to
sin, enioyned by some ouerthwart neighbour to be more honest
than thou wouldest be, which is as great penance to one of thy
trade, as a long pilgrimage to a sorrowful Palmer. A teare in a
strumpets eie, is like heate drops in a bright sun-shine: as much
to be pitied, as the Crocodile whē she weeps, a Curtizans laugh-
ter is like to lightning, that beutifies the heauē with a blaze, but
soreruns stormes and thunder. Art thou in loue with Francesco?
marry gep Giglet, thy loue sits on thy tongs end, ready to leape
off as son as thy mouth opens, and thine honesty hangs at thine
eye, which fals away with euery wink: thou art inueigled with

my beauty, that is, becauſe thou heareſt I haue a rich purſe, not a faire face: for thou valueſt as much of beauty without pence, as a horſe of a faire ſtable without prouender. Thou art entitled by my vertues: I wonder how that word vertue comes in thy mouth, when it is ſo farre from thy hart, and yet no marueil, for the moſt infectious ſerpents haue ſweeteſt breaths, and commoneſt Curtizans, the moſt curteous ſpeeches.

Thou wouldſt haue me grace thee with my preſence, and renue our old friendſhip: ſo I will, when I meane to giue my body to the Chirurgion, and my ſoule to the diuel, for in louing thee, I muſt needs graunt this Legacy. Thy reaſon is, that bones once broke, vnited againe, are the ſtrongeſt: I would thy neck might make the experience, and then I would truſt the inſtance. But why periſh I ſo much paper to ſo lewd a perſon: as I found thee at the firſt, I leaue thee at the laſt, euen empty gorged to bait at a full purſe, incontinent, falſe, periured, as far from God, as thou art friend to the diuel. And ſo adue.

Francesco penitent, and therefore a perſecutor to Curtizans.

After he had written this letter, he ſent to Infida, who reading it, and ſeeing ſhe could get no fauour at the handes of Francesco: that wrought the neuer ſo ſubtilly, yet her trains were diſcouered, that her painted lures could not make him ſtope, ſo had he with reaſon refelled his former folly: when ſhe perceiued (I ſay) that al her ſweet potions were found to be poyſons, though ſhe couered them neuer ſo clarkly: ſhe fel not in diſpaire, with ouermuch loue, but wrote in her ſelf to intend him ſome ſecret preiudice, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it: but leauing her to the iuſtice of him that poyſeth the deeds of ſuch impenitent perſons in his ballance, and committing Francesco to the making of ſome ſtraunge Comedy, I will ſhew you how fortune made an aſſault to the vnfained affection of faire Isabel.

The diſcourſe of *Iſabels* Fortunes.

Isabel liuing thus penſiue, in that ſhe wanted the preſence of Francesco, yet for her patience and vertue, grew ſo famous, that al Cyprianes talked of her perfections: her beautie was admired of euery eye, her qualities applauded in euery mans eare, that ſhe was eſteemed for a pattrne of vertuous excellence

 through-

throughout the whole Citty. Amongst the rest that censured of her curious lauors, there was one Signor Bernardo, a Burgomaster of the Citty, who chancing on a time to passe by the doore where Isabel soiourned, seeing so sweet a Saint, began to fall enamoured of so faire an obiect: and although he was olde, yet the fire of lust crept into his eyes, and so inflamed his heart, as with a disordinate desire he began to affect her: but the renowme of hir chastity was such, that it almost quatted those sparks that heated him on to such lasciuious affection. But yet when he called to mind that want was a great stumbling blocke, and saide the necessitie that Isabel was in, by the absence of Francesco, he thought golde would be a ready meanes to gaine a womans good will, and therfore dispaired not of obtaining his purpose. After that this Signor Bernardo had obserued the exquisit perfection of her body, and how she was adorned with most speciall gifts of nature, he was so snared with the fetters of lasciuious concupiscence, as reason could not reuelle what lust had ingrafted: his aged yéeres yelded vnto vanity, so he turned away his mind from God, not daring to lift vp his eies to heauen, lest it should be a witnes of his wickednes, or a corasine to his guilty conscience: for the remembrance of God is a terror to the vnrighteous, and the sight of his creatures is a sting to the minde of the reprobate. He therefore féeling his diuelish heart to be perplexed with such hellish passions, carelesly cast off the feare of God from before his eies, neither remembring that he was an Elder to giue good counsel, nor a Iudge in the city, to minister right: his hoary haires could not hale him from sinne, nor his calling conuert him from filthines, but he greedily drunke vp the dregs of vnrighteousnes, and carefully busied his braines to oppresse the simple, and to obtaine his purpose, layd his plot thus. Being the chiefe Burgomaister in all the citty, he determined to make a privy search for some suspected person: and being maister of the watch himselfe, to go by into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire, so he thought to ioyne lone and oportunity in one vnion, and with his office and his age, to wipe out all suspition. Age is a crowne of glory when it is adorned with righteousnesse, but the dregs of dishonor when it is mingled with mischiefe: for honorable age consisteth not in the terme of yeares, nay is not measured by the

date of a mans daies, but godly wisdome, is the gray haire, & an vndefiled life is the old age. The Herbgrace the older it is, the ranker smel it hath: the Sea-star is most blacke beeing old: the Eagle the more yeeres, he more crooked is hir bil: and the greater age in wicked men, the more vnrighteousnesse: which this Signor Bernardo tried true: for desire made him hate delay, and therefore within two or three nights, picking out a watch, answerable to his wish, he himselfe (as if it had bin some matter of great import) went abroad, and to colour his follie with the better shadow, he searched diuers houses, & at last came to the place where Isabel lay, charging the Host to rise and to shew him her chamber, for (quoth he) I must confer with her of most secret affaires. The goodman of the house obeyed willingly, as one that held Bernardo in great reuerence, and brought him & the watch to the chamber doore. Bernardo taking a candle in his hand, bade them al depart, til he had talked with the Gentlewoman, which they did, and he entring in shutting the doore, found her fast asleepe, which sight draue the old Lecher into a maze: for there seeing nature in her pride, lust inueagled him the more, that he sate on the bed side a great while viewing of her beauty: at last starting vp, he awakt her out of a sweet slumber. Isabel looking vp, and seeing one of the Burgomasters in the Chamber, (for Bernardo was knowne for his grauity & wealth, of euery one in the Citie) she was amazed: yet gathering her wits togither, rayfing her vp on hir pillow, she did him all the dutifull reuerence shee might, woondring what wind should driue him into that place: at last the old Churle began to assaile her thus.

Bernardoes discourse to *Isabel.*

BE not amazed (faire Gentlewoman) to see me thus sodainly & secretly arriued, neither let my presence appall your sences: for I come not cruelly as a foe, but curteouslie as a friend. If my comming seeme strange, the cause is as straight, & where necessity forceth, there it is hard to striue against the streame: he that seeketh to sway against his owne wil, oftentimes kicketh against the prick: and he that striueth to withstand loue, hoppeth against the hill. These things considered (Mistris Isabel) if I offend in being too bold, your beauty shal beare the blame, as the

only

onely cause of this enterprise: for to omit al circumstances, & to come to the matter. So it is, that since first mine eie fed of your sweet fauour, I haue bene so perplexed with the passions of loue, & haue ben so deeply drowned in the desire of your person, that there is no torment so terrible, no paine so pinching, no woe so grieuous, as the greefe that hath griped me since I burnt in loue of your sweet selfe: sith therefore my liking is such, let my liking be repaide again with loue, let my firme fancie be requited with mutual affection, and in lieu of my good wil, consent vnto me and be my Paramour. That sin which is secretly committed, is half pardoned, she liueth chastly enough that liueth charily. The chamber doore is shut, no man ether can detect vs of any crime, or dare suspect vs of any folly. The credit which I carry in the Citty shall be sufficient to shrowde you from shame: my office shal be able to defend you from mistrust, & my gray haires a pumice stone to race out al suspition, and by this smal offence (Isabel) thou shalt both content mée, and purchase to thy selfe such a dutiful friend, as in al service thou maist command, not only readie to countenance thée with his credit, but to furnish al thy wants with his coyne: for what treasure and gold I haue, shal be thine to vse. Isabel hearing this subtile serpēt to breathe out such wily reasons, wondred to sée a man of his calling so blinded with the vale of lasciuious lust, as to blaspheme so diuelishly against his owne conscience, insomuch, that for a good space she sate astonished, vntil at last gathering her wits together, she burst forth in to these speeches:

Isabels reply to *Bernardo*.

TIs a saying (Seignor Bernardo) both old & true, that whoso sinneth against his Conscience, sinneth against his owne soule: and he that knoweth the law, and wilfully disobeyeth, is worthy to be beaten with many stripes: which sentence of holie Writ, I wish you to consider, and it wil be a sufficient tolling carde to your inordinate desire. Hath God placed you as a Burgomaster of this Citty, and so a Iudge ouer his people to punish sinne, and wil you maintaine wickednesse? Is it your office to vphold the Lawe, and wil you destroy it? Nay, are you commanded to cut off this sinne with infamie, and yet wil you perswade a woman to deale her husbands bed? Is it your duty to driue vs

from al vnclеane lust, and will you draw me to such folly? Is this the office of a Burgomaister? or beseemeth such thoughts to the minde of an Elder? doth the sommons of death appeare in your gray head, & yet fleshly desires raigne in your heart? Doth thine old age impart a clеare conscience, and your inward appetite fraught with concupiscence? Oh how pleasant a thing is it wher grey headed men minister iudgement, and the Elders can giue good counsel! but, how perilous a thing is it for the Ruler to be vnrighteous, or the Iudge of the people to delight in sinne? Such a man shal haue coales heaped vpon his head, & the wrath of the Lord shal consume his heritage. Three sortes of men the Lord hates, and he vtterly abhorres the life of them, a poore man that is prowd, a rich man that is a liar, and an old adulterer that doats, and is vnchaste. Hast thou then (Signor Bernardo) so sold thy selfe vnto sinne, and sworne to worke wickednes, that thou wilt preferre fading pleasure before lasting paine: and for the fulfilling of thy filthy lust, purchase perpetual damnation? But put case I were so carelesse of mine honour and honesty, to yeelde to thy request, should not thy selfe be a witnesse of my disloyaltie? would not mine owne workes cry out for vengeance to plague my wickednesse? yes, no doubt, after thou hast glutted thy fancie with the loathsomnesse of the sinne, and the spirit of man had toucht thy heart with the pricke of the offence, thou wouldest both detest me as a mirrour of immodesty, and account me for euer as a common harlot: for the Lord suffereth not the wicked to goe vnrewarded. She (saieth the Wiseman) thats common, and not content in her loue, yeelding that which is proper to her husband, into the possession of an other man, disobeys the Law, makes breach of her plighted troth, and lastly, playes the whore in most hellish adultery: her children shal not take rote, nor her branches bring forth no fruit, her name shalbe forgotten. And shal I then, knowing this, wilfully worke mine owne woes?

Shal I repay the troth my husband reposeth in me, with such trechery? Shal such guileful discurtesie be a guerdon for his good wil? No, the feare of God is a fortresse against such follie: the loue that I beare to my husband, is a shield to fence me from such shamelesse fancy: and the care of mine owne honor is a conserue against such lawlesse concupiscence. Whereas you say that

sinne

sinne secretly committed is halfe pardoned, & that she liueth *castè* that liueth *cautè*: that the chamber doore is shut, that no man can espie our follie, and the place so secret that the offence cannot be preiudicial to my good name. I answere, that I more esteeme the wrath of God, than the words of men: that I dread more to commit such a fact before the sight of the almighty, then before the eies of al the world.

Man iudgeth but th'body, but God the soul: the one being but a smal pinch, the other a perpetual paine. He that breaketh wedlocke and thinketh thus in his heart, who seeth mee? the misty clouds haue couered me, and I am compassed about with a fogge of darkenes: my offence shal not be an obiect to any mans eies, neither can my doing be discern'd, for I am shrowded within the wals, whom neede I to feare: and as for the Lorde he is merciful, and wil not remember any mans sinnes: hee is flowe vnto wrath, & promiseth speedily to pardon the faults of the wicked. Such a one as feareth more the eie of mortal man than the sight of an immortal God, and knoweth not that the looks of the Lord are ten thousand times brighter then the beames of the Sunne, beholding the very thoughts of men, and searching the hart and the reines, the same man shal be punished with earthly plagues, he shal sodainly be taken in his owne trap, and shal fal before the face of euery man, because he preferred his owne pleasure before the feare of the Lorde. But alas it is vnfit for the young fawn to lead th'old buck: for a blind man to be guide to him that hath his sight: and as vnmeete for a simple woman to instruct a Bourgomaister and Elder of the Cittie. Is it my part to exhort you vnto vertue, or rather, is it not your dutie to perswade mee from vice? but I hope this proffer is but a tryal to make proofe of mine honestie, and to sifte out my secret intent: if otherwise, your wil and your wordes be one, cease your suite, for you may long gape, and yet neuer gaine that you looke for. Signor Bernardo hearing Isabel so cunningly to confute his conclusiue arguments, seeing she had infringed their reasons by the power of the law, thought to wrest her vpon a higher pinne, and to lay such a blot in her way, as she should hardly wipe out: for although he knew she did rightly refel his folly, & partly perceiued her connsaile cooled the extreame of his desires, yet the feare of God was

so farre from him, that he prosecuted his intent thus.

Seignor Bernardoes answer to Isabels reply.

WHy Isabel (said he) thinkst thou thy painted speeches, or thy hard denialls shall prevaile against my pretended purpose? No, he is a coward that yeelds at the first shote, and he not worthy to weare the bud of beauty that is daunted with the first repulse. I haue the tree in my hand, & mean to inioy the fruit: I haue beaten the bush, and now wil not let the birds flie, & sith I haue you heere alone, your sterne lookes shall stand for no sterling: but if you consent, be assured of a most trusty friend, if not, hope for no other hap but open infamy. For thou knowst Isabel, that a womans chiefest treasure is her good name, and that shee which hath crackt her credite is halfe hanged, for death cuts off all miseries, but discredite is the beginning of all sorrowes.

Sith then infamy is worse than losse of life, assure thy selfe, I wil sting thee to the quick, for I wil presently send thee to prison, and cause some ruffin in the city to sweare, that since the absence of thy husband Francesco, he hath laine with thee, & for coine vsed thee as his concubine: so shall I blemish thine honour, tie thee to some open punishent, and make thee a laughing stocke to the world, odious to thy friends, and to line hated of thy husband: mine office and authority, my age and honour shall shadow my pretence, and help greatly to frame thy preiudice. Seeing then (faire Isabel) thou shalt by consent keepe the report of thy chastity, and by denial, gaine shame and reproch, shew thy selfe a wise woman, and of two euills chuse the least.

Isabel hearing the mischieuous pretence of this subtile lecher, and seeing he had so cunningly laide the snare that she could not anoyd the trap, but either she must incur the danger of the body, or the destruction of the soule, was so driuen into such a passionat dilemma, that she burst forth into teares, sighs, & plaints, which she blubbred forth on this wise. Alas (said she) most vile & vniust wretch, is the feare of God so farre from thy mind, that thou seekst, not onely to sacke mine honor, but to sucke my blood? Is it not iniury enough that thou seekst to spoile my honestie, but that you long to spil my life, hath thy sweet loue pretended such bitter sawce? Is this the fruit of your fained sanctie? No doubt the cause must be pernitious when the effect is so pestilent. Flatter not

your

your selfe in this thy folly, nor loth not thy thoughts in thy sins, for there is a God that seth and wil reuenge, and hath promised that whoso binds two sins together, shall not be vnpunished in the one. But what auaileth it to talke of wisedom to a fole: or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate? The Charmer charme he neuer so wisely, charmes in vaine, if the Adder be deafe: and he casteth stones against the winde that seekes to draw the wicked from their folly: let me therefore (poore soule) more narrowly consider mine owne case, I am perplexed with many doubtful passions, and greeuous troubles assaile me on euery side. If I commit this crime, though neuer so secretly, yet the Lord is *Cordignoses*, & pierceth into the very thoughts, and mine owne conscience will be a continuall witnesse against me of this wickednesse: *Stipendium peccati mors*, then what other hap can I hope for, but perpetuall damnation, sith God himselfe hath promised to be a swift witnesse against all wilfull adulterers? If I consent not vnto this vnrighteous motion, I am like to be vniustly accused of the like crime, and so shall I, being guiltlesse, haue my honor euer blemisht with infamy. By this meanes, what a discredit shall I bring to my parents, to my husband, and my children: the hoary haires of my Father shall be brought with sorrow vnto the graue, Francesco shal be ashamed to shew his face in the stretes of the citty, and my poore babes shall be counted as the seede of an harlot, and yet alas I my selfe altogether sackelesse. Why my secret offence shall preuent all his open shame: The Lord is slowe to wrath, & his mercy exceeds all his workes: He wisheth not the death of a sinner: and hearty repentance pacifieth his displeasure. But O vile wretch that I am, why do I blaspheme thus against the Lord & his law? Why doe I breathe out these hellish speeches? can I say, I wil repent at my pleasure? Or shal I therefore sinne, in hope, because the Lord is merciful? Na, no, it is better for me to fall into thy hands, and not commit the offence, then to sinne in the sight of the Lord: Shal I not rather feare God than man? and dread him more that killeth both soule and body, than him that hath power to kil the body onely? Yet his feare shal be thy defence. And with that she raised her selfe vp, spitted in his face, wishing him to doe his worst: whervpon he called vp the watch, and commaunded her to make her

readie, for shee should to prison. Her host wondring what the cause should be, as a man prime to her actions and the vertue of her life, would haue giuen his word for her, that she should the next day answere whatsoeuer should be obiected against hir: but his word would not be taken, for Bernardo was ful of furie and carried her away to prison: where deeply grieued, and yet smothering her sorrow with patience, shee lay the rest of the night: the next morrow, as soone as the day brake, she cald for pen and incke, and wrote this mourneful Sonnet.

Isabels Sonnet that she made in prison.

Veritas non quærit angulos,

No storme so sharpe to rend the little Reede,
For sild it breakes, though euery way it bend.
The fire may heate, but not consume the flint,
The golde in furnace purer is indeede.
Report that sild to honor is a friend,
May many lies against true meaning mint:
But yet at last,
Gainst slaunders blast,
Truth doth the seely sackleſſe soule defend.

Though false reproach seekes honour to distaine,
And enuy bites the bud though nere so pure:
Though lust doth seeke to blemish chaste desires
Yet truth that brookes not falshoods slandrous staine,
Nor can the spight of enuies wrath indure
Wil trie true loue from lust in iustice fire,
And maugre all,
Wil free from thrall
The guiltleſſe soule that sets his footing sure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest minde:
Where chaste intent is free from any misse,
Though enuy striue, yet searching Time,
With piercing insight wil the truth out finde.

And

And make discouery who the guiltie is,
For time still tries
The truth from lies:
And God makes open what the world doth find.
Veritas temporis filia.

Isabel wetting her sonet with teares, and pronounsing euery line with a sigh, sate in a dump. Whilst the fame of this fact was spread abroad throughout al Caerbrancke, euery man beganne sundry conjectures, as affection led them: her friends sore wept, suspected the cankred mind of the Burgomaister: yet for his calling durst not discouer their suspition: his foes laughing, saide, that dissembled holines was a doubled sin, that the holiest countenance hath not alwayes the honestest conscience: both friend and foe notwithstanding wondring at the strange chance seeing her outward actions did manifest so many vertues. Wel, to be briefe, Seignor Bernardo assembled the other Burgomaisters of the towne into the common Hal, sent for Isabel thither, at whose comming (as the nature of man is desirous of nouelties) a great prease of people was present, to heare the matter thoroughly canuased. When Isabel was thus brought before the barre, Signor Bernardo (who had suborned a yong man in the citty solemnely to depose that he had laine with Isabel) beganne his inuective thus. I am sory (graue citizens, and inhabitants of Caerbranke) that this day I come to accuse Isabel, whose vertues hitherto haue wonne her many fauors, and the outward shew of her good qualities haue bin highly applauded of all men: but my conscience constraines me, not to conceale such hainous sinne, nor to smother vp so great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the Iudges and Elders of the people, appointed by almighty God, chosen by the multitude, and constrained by the law, to haue no respect of persons, neither to be too rigorous to my foe, nor too partial to my friend: but with the balance of equitie to measure man according to his merit, and with the sword of iustice to vphold vertue, and beate downe vice. This considered, I am forced to discouer a wicked deede that this Isabel hath committed, and that is this.

This yong man here present, for a certaine summe of money

compound-

compounded to lie with Isabel, and for pence had his pleasure on her: shée alluring him with such wilie amorets of a Curtizan, that in her company shée hath consumed al his substance: The young mans friends seeing his folly, and that no perswasions could dissuade him from affecting her, made complaint vnto me: whereupon I examined him, and found him, not only guiltie of the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his folly: seeing the (Citizens of Caerbranck) such a curtizan as this may vnder the colour of holines throwd much preiudice, and allure many of our youth to mischiefes, I thought it my duty to bring her into open infamie that she may be punished for her fault, knowen for a harlot, and from henceforth liue despised and hated of al. For proofe that she hath liued long in this lewd kind of life, this young man shal here before you al make present deposition: and with that he reacht him a Bible: whereon he swore that he had long time conuersd dishonestly with Isabel, euer since the departure of her husband. At which oath the people that were Iurours in the cause, beleeuing the protestation of Bernardo, and the disposition of the youth, presently found her guiltie, and then Bernardo and the rest of the Burgomasters gaue iudgement, that shée shoulde presently haue some open & seuere punishment, and after be banished out of the Towne. Allone as Isabel heard the censure, she appeald for no mercy, nor abaisht any whit, as one desirous of fauour: but lifting vp her eyes to heauen, only said thus. O GOD which searst the secrets of al harts, and knowest al things before they come to passe, which discernest the very inwarde thoughts, and triest the hart and the reines: thou knowest, that because I would not consent vnto the filthy lust of this doting lecher, nor agree by defiling my husbands bed to fulfil his fleshly desires, that he hath slandred me with a crime whereof I was neuer guiltie, that he hath produced this young man by a sinister subornation, to peruert himselfe in a fault whereas not so much as in thought I committed such a fact: he hath, to satisfie his malicious mind without cause, deuised this false crime. I confesse O Lord, to be a most grieuous offender, & to deserue far greater punishment, but not for this deed. Heare then O Lord my praier, & let the innocente of my cause pleade before thy diuine maiestie: if it be thy will, preuent his practises, confound his counsells, & let him that hath dig-

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ged the pit for others, fal into the snare himselfe. Thou hast neuer as yet, O Lord, left the succorlesse without help, but hast deliuered them which feare thée from al aduersitie: thou diddest set frée Ioseph from the hands of his brethren which sought to spil his blood, & didst preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy seruant Dauid: Elizeus being besieged within Dotham, was not only fréed from his foes, but also garded about with a tréope of holy Angels: Elias was preserued from the cruelty of Iesabell, and fed with Rauens. But chéefely in my case, how mightilie didst thou shrowd Susanna from the trechery of the two Elders, in raising vp young Daniel to maintaine her right? Nay, who hath trusted in thy mercy, which hath come to mishap? or who hath put his hope in thée, and hath suffred harme? So O Lord, if it be thy wil thou canst disclose the deuise of this Signor Bernardo, and vnfold the follies of this false witnes: help then O Lord, for in thée is my trust.

The people hearing the solemne protestations of sorrowful Isabel, thoght she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltlesse of the fact: giuing more credite to the reuerend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man countenanced out by the Burgomaister, than to the yong yéeres of a simple woman, supposing her spéeches were more of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to cléere her of that crime: & they would haue returned her back againe vnto prison, til the day assigned for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried away, he which had accused Isabel start vp as a man lunatike and cryed out vnto the people thus: I haue sinned, men of Caerbrancke, I haue sinned: the thought of my present periurie is a hel to my conscience: for I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne Isabel without a cause, & wich that he discouered at the barre howe Signor Bernardo had suborned him against the Gentlewoman, and how in al his life before he neuer was in her company. Upon whith confession of the young man, the Bourgomasters examined the matter more effectualy, and found that Isabel was cléere, chaste, honest, & vertuous, and Bernardo was a doting lecher: where vpon they not only amersed him in a great sine, to bée payde to Isabel, but put him for euer after from beuring any office in the citty.

Thus was Isabel deliuered from her enimies, and reckoned more famous for her chastity through all Caerbranke. This strange euent spread abroad through all the Countrie, and as fame flies swift & far, so at last it came to the eares of Francesco: for he sitting in Troynouant at an Ordinarie, amongst other Gentlemen, heard this fortune of Isabel reported at the Table for strange newes by a Gentleman of Caerbranke, who brought in Isabel for a mirrour of chastity, and added this more, that she was married to a Gentleman of ripe wit, good parentage, and wel skild in the liberal Sciences, but (quoth he) an vnthrift, & one that hath bin from his wife six yeares. At this al the table condemned him as palling vnkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence. He was silent and blusht, feeling the worme of his conscience to wring him: & with such a sharp sting that allone as he got into his chamber, he fel to meditate with himself, of the great abuses he offered his wife, the excellence of her exteriour perfection, her beauty, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature, presented themselues into his thoughts, that he began not only to be palling passionate, but deeply penitent, for rowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to ioy in ensuing good fortunes: Now he saw that *Omnia sub sole vanitas*: that beautie without vertue, was like to a glorious flower without any operatiõ, which the Apothicaries set in their shops for to be seene, but allone as it withereth, they cast it into ỹ fornace as an vnprofitable weede: that the imbracings of a Curtizan, seeme they neuer so sweet, yet they were the paths to destruction: that their lookes are Males vnto death, and the foldes of their hands, are fetters to snare men in sinne. Now he saw that pride was extreme follie, for such as lookt most high against the Sunne, grewe soonest blind: that Icarus caught his fall by soaring high: that time ill spent in vanity, in riotous company, amongst a crew of careleste Caualiers, that would boast it in the towne, not braue it in the field, was neither to be recaled nor recompenst. Oh Francesco (quoth he) how fond hast thou beene led away with euery looke, fed vpon with trencher-flies, eaten aline with flatterers, giuen to looke at a Goddesse more then thy God, more readie to a Bowle, then thy Booke, squaring in the streetes, when thou shouldst be meditating in the Chamber: If

thou

thou knowst these to be extreame parts of folly, repent & amend. The Deere knowing Tamarisk is deadly to his nature, scornes to come neere the tree. The Unicorne will not bowe to rest vnder a Cytern tree, for that he holds it mortal: The Elephant will fly out of the company of a murtherer. These brute beasts auoid what nature tels them is perilous: thou hauntest after those harmes with greedines, that thou knowest are preiudicial. Wel Francesco, then now or else neuer away with such follies: stop at the bottome, and then it is Sero, yet let it be Serio: home to the wife of thy youth, reconcile thy selfe to her, thee wil forgiue and forget thy former fondnes, & entertaine her penitent paramour, with as great kindnes as he comes home with penance: What man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* With that Francesco tokepen and paper, and wrote this.

Francescoes Sonnet, made in the prime of his penance.

With sweating browes I long haue plow'd the sands:
My seede was youth, my crop was endlesse care:
Repent hath sent home with empty hands
At last, to tell how rife our follies are:
And time hath left experience to approue,
The gaine is greefe to those that traffique loue.
The silent thought of my repentant yeeres
That fill my head, haue cald me home at last:
Now loue vnmaskt a wanton wretch appeares,
Begot by guilefull thought with ouer haste:
In prime of youth, a Rose, in age, a weede.
That for a minuts ioy, payes endlesse neede.
Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceite,
Alied to wit by want, and sorrow bought:
Farewell fond youth, long fostred in deceit,
Forgiue me Time disguised idle thought.
And Loue, adew, loe, hasting to my end,
I finde no time too late for to amend.

Hauing framed this Sonnet, he gaue the coppy to some of his friends: making manifest to the his resolution to leaue

Troynouant, and to goe home, and by their help, who furnished him with such necessaries as he did want, hee in short time toke his iorney. The day of his departure was ioyful to al his frends, insomuch that as many as knew of his iourney, gathered themselues together and made him a banquet: where (very merry and pleasant) they carrowsed to the health of his Isabel: One amongst the rest who loued Francesco so tenderly, toke a cup of wine in his hand, and with tears in his eies, said thus: Francesco, I haue nothing to giue thee, being my selfe pinched with want, but some precepts of wit that I haue bought with much experience, those shalt thou haue at my hands, which if thou put in practise, think I haue giuen much treasure.

The farewell of a friend,

1 Let Gods worship be thy mornings worke, and his wisdom the direction of thy dayes labour.

2 Rise not without thanks, nor sleep not without repentance.

3 Choose but a few friendes, and try those: for the flatterer speakes fairest.

4 If thy wife be wise, make her thy Secretary, else locke thy thoughts in thy hart, for women are seldome silent.

5 If she be faire, be not iealous, for suspition cures not womens follies.

6 If she be wise, wrong her not: for if thou loue others, she will loathe thee.

7 Let the childrens nurture be their richest portion: for wisdome is more precious than wealth.

8 Be not proude amongst thy poore neighbours: for a poore mans hate is perilous.

9 Nor too familliar with great men: for presumption winnes disdaine.

10 Neither be too prodigall in thy fare, nor die not indebted to thy belly, enough is a feast.

11 Be not enuious, least thou fall in thine owne thoughts.

12 Vse patience, mirth, and quiet, for care is enemy to health.

And Francesco (quoth his friend) that thou mayst remember my precepts, I drinke to thee: vpon this he pledged him, and so in pleasant chat they past away the time til breakfast was done, & then

them he gat him to horse, and they brought him a mile out of the City. At last, although they playd loath to depart, yet Francesco must away: but before he departed, when they were ready to shake hands, he puld out of his sleeue a Sonet that he made, and gaue it them. The effects were these.

Francescoes Sonnet called his parting blow.

Reason that long in prison of my will,
Hast wept thy Mistris wants and losse of time,
Thy wonted siege of honour safely clime,
To thee I yeeld as guilty of mine ill.

Loe (fettred in their teares) mine eyes are prest
To pay due homage to their native guide:
My wretched hart wounded with bad beride,
To craue his peace, from reason is addrest.

My thoughts asham'd since by themselues consum'd,
Haue done their duty to repentant wit:
Asham'd of all, sweet guide I sory sit,
To see in youth how I too farre presumde.

That he whom loue and errour did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way:
Seroſed ſerio.

As soone as he had deliuered them the sonnet, shaking hands, he put spurs to his horse and rode onward on his iourny: within fiue dayes he arriued at Caerbrancke, where as soone as he was lighted he went to the house where his wife soiourned, and one of the maids espying Francesco, yet knew him for al his long absence, and ranne in and told it to Isabel, that her husband was at the dore: she being at worke in her chamber, sate as one in an extasie, vntil Francesco came vp, who at the first sight of his wife considering the excellencie of her beauty, her vertues, chastitie, and other perfections, and measuring her constancy with his disloyaltie, stode as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus. Ah Isabel, what shall I say to thy fortunes or my follies: what

exordiũ shal I vse to shew my penance, or discouer my sorrows, or expresse my present ioyes? for I tel thée I conceaue as great pleasure to sée thée wel, as grése in that I haue wronged thée with my absence. Might sighs (Isabel) teares, plaints, or any such exterior passions pourtray out my inward repẽtance, I would shew thée the Anatomy of a most distressed man: but amongst manie sorrowing thoughts, there is such confusion, that superfluity of grefes stops the scource of my discontent. To figure out my follies or the extremity of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad course of my life: and to rub the scar by setting out mine owne scathe: and therefore let it suffice, I repent hartily, I sorrow déeply, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantly. At this Francesco stode and wept, which Isabel séeing, conceiued by his outward grefs his secret passions, and therefore taking him about the neck, wetting his chékes with the teares that fel from her eyes, she made him this womanly and wise answer.

What Francesco, comest thou home ful of woes, or séekest thou at thy returne to make me wepe? Hast thou bẽn long absent, & now bringest thou me a treatise of discontent? I sée thou art penitent, & therefore I am like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth for Isabel, that henceforth thou wilt loue Isabel, and vpon that condition without any more words, welcome to Isabel. With that she smiled and wept, & in doing both together, sealed vp al her contrary passions in a kisse. Many lokes past betwéene them, many odde fancies and many fauours: but what they did, or how they agréed in secret, that cannot I tel, but forth they came great friends out of the chamber, where Francesco was welcomed home of his wifes Host with great chére: who to shew his kindnes the more, had prouided a solemne banquet, hauing bidden many of his neighbors to supper, that they might accompany Francesco. Wel, supper being done, & then sitting by the fire, the Host séeing them al in a dump, sayd, that to driue them out of their melancholy he would tel them a tale, which they al desirous of, sate silent, and he began thus.

The Hosts tale.

IN Thessaly, where Nature hath made the soyle proude with the beauty of Shepheards, there dwelled a swaine called Selador:

lador: auncient, as hauing age seated in his haires: and wealthy as infeoffed with great possessions: and honest, as being indued with many vertuous qualities. This Selador had to ioy him in his age a daughter of great beautie, so exquisite in her exteriour feature, as no blemish might eclipse the glory that Nature bestowed in her lineaments. As thus she was faire, so was she wise, and with her wit ioyned vertue, that to behold, she was Helena, to heare, Pallas, and to court, a Daphne. This Damosel whose name was Mirimida, kept her fathers sheepe, & in a scarlet petticoate, with a chaplet of flowers on her head, went euery day to the fields, where she plide the care of her fathers folds with such diligence, that she seemed with labour, to enter armes against want, & with her hands thrift, to preuent her harts griefe. Thus thus daylie the plaines of Thessaly, the shepheards delighted at the gaze of so excellent an obiect; & held their eyes fortunate whē they might behold her feature, esteeming him happie that could lay his flocks nearest vnto her folds: Amongst the rest of all the swaines that fed their thoughts on her fauours, there was one called Eurymachus, a yong youth that had the pride of his yeres triumphing in his countenance, wittie, and full of pleasant conceits, and that Fortune might iumpe with loue, and make him gracious in womens eyes, he was wealthy, for gold is the Chrisocol of loue. This Eurymachus alwaies so plotted the course of his sheepe walke, that he was nert neighbour to Mirimida, insomuch, that to discouer his fancie, he did her often fauors: for whē any of her Lambs went astray, or any thing grew amisse, then Eurymachus was the swaine that endeuored by his labor to redresse euery losse. By this meanes he waxed priuate & familiar with Mirimida, which was the meanes that wrought him into a preiudicial labarinth: for he did so nere *accedere adignem*, that he did *clascere plus quam satis*: for as none comes nere the fume of the Pistelden but he wareth blinde, nor any touch the Salamander, but he is troubled with the palsie: so none could gaze on the face of Mirimida, but they went away languishing. This did proue Eurymachus experience: for although he knew loues fires were fatal, & did not warme, but scorch: yet he loued with the bird to flie to the flame, though he burnt his wings and fel in the bush: he would not with Vlysses stop his eares, but sit & sing

with

with the Syrens: he feared no enchauntment, but carowst with Circes, til his ouer-daring drew him in a passionate danger, and so long lucht in the beauty of Mirimida, with his euer thirsty eies, til his hart was fuller of passions then his eies of affections, yet discouer his thoughts he durst not, but smothered vp his inward paines with outward silence: hauing the Quen the hotter within for that it was damd vp, and his greefs the deeper for that they were concealed. Manifest his malady to her he durst not, he thought himself to homely a patient for such a Phisition: to vtter his loues to another & make any to his Secretary but himself, he supposed was to draw in a rival to his loues. Thus Eurimachus perplexed, til at last, to giue a litle vent to the flame, sitting on a day on a hil, he puld forth pen & inck and wrote his fancy.

Eurymachus fancy in the prime of his affection.

When lordly Saturne in a sable roabe,
Sate ful of frowns and mourning in the West,
The euening starre scarce peept from out her lodge,
And *Phœbus* newly gallopt to his rest:
Euen then
Did I
Within my boate sit in the silent streames,
And voyd of cares as he that lies and dreames.
As *Phœbe*, so a Ferriman I was,
The countrey-lasses sayd I was too faire,
With easie toile I laboured at mine oare,
To passe from side to side who did repaire:
And then
Did I
For paines take pence, and *Charon* like transport,
As soone the swaine as men of high import.
When want of worke did giue me leaue to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish:
So did I weare the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended of my dish.
For why
I thought

That

That idle houres was Calenders of ruth,
And time ill spent, was preiudice to youth.
I scorn'd to loue, for were the Nymph as faire,
As she that loued the beauteous Latiman swaine,
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her Browes,
Like Iuorie could my affection gaine:
For why
I said
With high disdaine, Loue is a base desire,
And Cupids flames, why th'are but watry fire.
As thus I sate disdayning of prowd loue,
Haue ouer Ferriman there cryed a boy,
And with him was a Paragon, for hue,
A louely Damosel beauteous and coy,
And there
With her
A maiden, couered with a tawnie vale,
Her face vnseene for breeding louers bale.
I stird my boate, and when I came to shoare,
The boy was wing'd, me thought it was a wonder,
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runnes before the hot report of thunder,
Her smiles
Were sweet,
Louely her face: was ne're so faire a creature,
For earthly careasse had a heauenly feature.
My friend (quoth she) sweet Ferriman behold,
We three must passe, but not a farthing fare,
But I will giue (for I am Queene of loue)
The brightest lasse thou lik'st vnto thy share,
Choose where
Thou loues't,
Be she as faire as Loues sweet Ladie is,
She shall be thine, if that will be thy blisse,
With that she smil'd with such a pleasing face,
As might haue made the marble rocke relent,
But I that triumpht in disdaine of loue,
Bade fie on him, that to fond loue was bent,

And then
Said thus,
So light the Ferriman for loue doth care,
As *Venus* paſſe not if ſhe pay no fare.
At this a frowne ſate on her angry browe,
She winkes vpon her wanton ſonne hard by:
He from his quiuer drew a bolt of fire,
And aym'd ſo right, as that he pierſt mine eye.
And then
Did ſhe
Draw downe the veile that hid the virgins face,
Whoſe heauenly beauty lightned all the place.
Straight then I leand mine eare vpon mine arme,
And lookt vpon the Nimph (if ſo) was faire:
Her eyes were ſtarres, and like *Apolloes* lockes,
Me thought appear'd the tramels of her haire,
Thus did
I gaze
And ſuckt in beauty, till that ſweet deſire
Caſt fuell on, and ſet my thought on fire.
When I was lodgd within the net of loue,
And that they ſaw my heart was all on flame,
The Nymph away, and with her trippes along
The winged boy, and with her goes his dame.
Oh then
I cryed,
Stay Ladies, ſtay, and take not any care
You all ſhall paſſe, and pay no penny fare.
Away they fling, and looking coylie backe,
They laugh at me, ah with a lowde diſdaine.
I ſend out ſighes to ouertake the Nymphs,
And teares as lures to call them backe againe:
But they
Flie thence,
But I ſit in my boate, with hand on oare,
And feele a paine, but knowes not what's the ſoare.
At laſt I feele it is the flame of loue,
I ſtriue, but bootleſſe, to repreſſe the paine,

It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it feares, it frets,
And ſtirreth paſſions throughout euery vaine,
That downe
I ſate,
And ſighing, did faire *Venus* lawes approoue,
And ſwore, nothing ſo ſweet and ſower as loue.
Et florida pungunt.

Hauing made this Canzon, he put it in his boſome, and oft when he was by himſelfe would read it, eaſing his paſſion with viewing the conceits of his own fancy: on a day hauing brought downe his ſheepe, he eſpies Mirimida, and to her he goes, and after his wonted ſalute ſat downe by her, and fel to ſuch chat as occaſion did miniſter, intermedling his paſſions with ſo manie ſighs, and firing his eye ſo effectually vpon her face without remoue, that ſhe perceiued the Shepheard had ſwallowed Aconiton, and that there was none but ſhe that boze the Antidote. As thus ſhe noted his paſſions, ſhe eſpied a ſcrole of paper, ſticking out of his boſome, which ſhe ſnatched forth & vnfolded, and perceiuing it was a Sonnet ſhe read it, and then loking earneſtly on Eurymachus, he bluſht, and ſhe with friendly ſmile began to croſſe him with this frump. What Eurymachus, cannot wonted labours wipe away wanton Amours, noz thy ſheepes care pzeuent thy hearts loue? I had thought fancie had not trode on thy heele, noz affection pzeſented any obiect to thine eye: but now I ſee, as the Camelion cannot liue without ayze, noz the Salamãder without fire, ſo men haue no quiet in their life, vnleſſe they acquaint them with loue: I ſee ſwaines are not ſuch ſwads, but they haue thoughts and paſſions, and be they neuer ſo low, they can loke at beauty. Corydon in his gray caſſocke, had his faire Phillis, and Manalcas could court Calatea in his Shepheardes cloake, and Eurymachus, be he neuer ſo homely wil hazard, but at whome, there lies the queſtion.

At whom (quoth Eurymachus?) ah Mirimida, at one that is to high for my thoughts, & to beauteous for my foztunes: for what I haue ſoared with the Hobby, I ſhal bate with the Bunting: and daring with Phaeton, I ſhal drowne with Icarus: mine eye was prowd, my thoughts to forwarde: I haue ſtared at a

farre, but thal stumble at a stone, and I feare, because I haue ouer-lookt in loue, I shal be ouer-laid in loue. With that he sighed and Mirimida smiled and made this reply. Why Eurymachus, a man, or a mouse? what is there any Cedar so high, but the slowest Snaile wil creepe to the top: and fortune so base, but wil aspire: any loue so pretious but hath his prize? What Eurymachus, a Cat may looke at a King, and a swaines eye hath as high a reach, as a Lords looke. Vulcan in his leather sutes courted Venus in hir silkes: the swaine of Latmos wooed Luna, both dared, & both had their desires. What, Loue requires not wealth but courage: and parentage is not so high prized by fancie, as personage: feare not man, if thou hast lookt high, followe thy thoughts, & try loues fauours, for denial is no dishonor. Eurymachus hearing Mirimida in such an amorous humor, encouraged by her perswasions, thought now to strike while the yron was hot, and therefore taking her by the hand, began thus.

Truth Mirimida, Venus lawes are bounded with constraint, and when loue leadeth the eye, desire keepes no company: when Paris courted Helena, though she were coy and denied, yet was she not discourteous and disdayned, for she answered thus mildly: *Nemo etenim succenset amanti.* This (Mirimida) makes mee hardy to take thee by the hand, and to say, I loue Mirimida: for thou art the Sun that hath eclipst mine eies, on thy beauty haue I so long gazed, that as they which were wounded with Achilles Launce, could not be healed, but by the same truncheon: so thine excellence hath fettered Eurymachus, that thy curtesie must free Eurymachus. I confesse I haue lookt too high, but I excuse my presumption by thine owne principles: and if I haue dared too much, why loue alows it. Then faire Nimph, if thou beest as beautifull as Venus, yet looke at black Vulcan: low fortunes haue high desires, if thou beest as louely as Luna, hope to Endymion: a swaine may be as constant as a King. Shepheards loues are loyal, for their eyes are like Emraldes, that receiue but one impression, & their hearts like Adamants, that wil turne no way but to one point of the heauē. Mirimida frowning at the folly of the shepheard, cut him off thus.

If thou knewest how bad the corn is Eurymachus (quoth she) thou wouldest not put thy sickle so farre in, and seeing your harnest

nest is like to be so little, spare labour, and worke not so hard: if you haue lookt at my beauty, your aime is not beyond compasse, your high straines are but frumps, & so I take them: for he that calles a Faulcon a Phenix, is but a flatterer: and such as tearme their loues Saints, are thought but to vtter words of course.

Wel, howsoeuer, if you loue me, I like you, but so as Dianaes fancie was to Apollo, to be his friend in the field, and his foe in the chamber, to fauour him as a huntsman, but to hate him whē he chatted of loue: so Eurymachus, so long as thou fouldest thy flocks with Mirimida, thou art welcome to Mirimida, but if thou casteth forth thy lure to haue Mirimida loue, then I will leaue thée to thy folly, as one that hates to be drawne to fancie: for knowe, that as the Oliue trée will brooke no touch of stéele: the Agyte no heate of fire: so Mirimidas eares are not capable of any amorous perswasions: and therefore friend Eurymachus, any thing but loue, and so I leaue you.

Nay (quoth Eurymachus) and hée tooke her fast by the arme, if I were sure you had power as Diana had to plague mée with Acteons punishment, you passe not without a litle more prattle: if I anger you, tis first a preparation to a good stomacke, for choller is a friend to digestion: secondly, as the Chrisocal, & the gold by long striuing togither, grow to be one mettall, so by our falling out, we shal be better friends for euer: for

Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.

Therefore (faire Mistris) sit stil, and grant some fauor to him that is so payned with fancie, I wil loue you though I am poore, and a King can do but so much: if you think my degrée be too low for high of beauty, think of al parts, the meane is the merriest, & that the shepheards gray, hath lesse grief then the lordly estates, I know women must be coy, because they are women, and they must haue time to be wonne, or else they would be thought to be wantons: therfore whatsoeuer you say now, I hold it not authētical: yet for that I would haue some hope, good Mirimida, let me sée thée laugh. She could not but smile to sée the Shepheard so pleasant, and so Eurymachus rested content, and from amorous chat they fel to talke of other matters, till euening grew on, and then they folded their shéep, & with a friendly farewel, prated.

Eurymachus was not alone thus enamoured of the faire Mirimida,

rimida, but al the Shepheards of Thessaly, writ Poemes and Ditties of her beauty, and were sutors to her for fauor: the like Daphne held loue in disdaine, and yet was curteous to al in any other kinde of conference. Amongst the rest, Venus (be like) willing to be pleasant, had wrapt one in the labyrinth of loue called Mullidor, a fellow that was of honest parents, but very poore, and his personage was, as it had bene cast in Esops mould, his backe like a Lute, and his face like Thirsites, his eyes broad and tawnie, his haire harsh and curled like a horse maine, his lippes were of the largest size in follio, able to furnish a Coblers shop with clowting leather: the only good part that he had to grace his visage, was his nose, & that was conqueror-like, as beaked as an Eagle: Nature hauing made so proper a stripling, thought his inward qualities should not blemish his outward excelence, & therefore to kéep proportion, into his great head she put in little wit, that he knew rather sheepe by the marke then the number, for he was neuer no good Arithmetitian, and yet he was a proper scholer, and wel séene in Ditties. This ruffling Sheepheard amongst the rest, and more then any of the rest, was enamoured of Mirimida, so that he would often leaue his sheepe at random, to passe by the fields where she sate, only to fede his eye with fauour. Wel, as soles haue eyes, so haue they hearts, and those oft harbour fond desire: Loue sometimes lookes low, & will stumble on a cottage aswel as on a pallace: soles are in extreamities, not easy to be perswaded from their bable, and when they begin to loue, folly whets them on to restles thoughts. So fell it out with Mullidor, for after he had tasted of the beauty of Mirimida, he grew passionate, but with great impatience, and wasted away in the dispaire of his own desires, that he was waren pale and wan: which his olde mother espying, mervailing to sée her son so malecontent, for she loued him tenderly, and thought him the sweetest youth, and brauest young man in al Thessaly. The Crowe thinkes her foules the fairest, and the Ape accounts of his young as wel featured darlings: so Calena, (for so was the old womans name) thought Mullidor no lesse, though his ears were greater thē an Asse, but held him of a sweet personage and rare wit. Wel, the poore old wife, when her son came home at night, séeing how il he lookt, marualld what shuld be the cause

of

of his ſuddaine change: yet becauſe ſhe would follow the principles of country phiſick, ſhe thought to paſſe ouer ſpeaking to him til ſupper was done, to try what ſtomacke he had. Well, the cloth was laid, and the browne loafe ſet on the board, Mullidor ful of paſſions, ſat down to his pottage, & eate off his bole ful, the old woman ſtumbles to the pot againe for a freſh meſſe. Ah mother (quoth he with a great ſigh) no more broath to night: with that ſhe clapt her hand on her knée, and ſwore her boy was not wel, that he forſoke his ſupping: yet he fel to a péce of Bacon that ſtod on the bord, and a tough barly pudding: but he roſe before the reſt and got into a corner, where folding his armes together he ſate thinking on his loue. Aſſone as the reſt of the ſwains were vp from the table, and turning crabbes in the fire, ſhe toke her ſon into the ſeller, & ſitting down in her chaire, began thus.

Sonne Mullidor, thy chækes are leane, and thou lokeſt like Lenton, pale, and wan, I ſaw by thy ſtomack to night, thou art not thine owne man, thou hadſt of late (God ſaue thée) a louely fat paire of chækes, & now thou lokeſt like a ſhotten herring: Tel me Mullidor, and feare not to tel me, for thou telleſt it to thy mother, what ayleſt thou? Is it griefe of body, or of mind, that képs thée on the holy daies from friſking it at the fote-ball?

Thou art not as thou wert wont, & therefore ſay what thou ayleſt, and thou ſhalt ſée old women haue good counſaile.

At theſe ſpæches of his mother, Mullidor fetcht a great ſigh, and with that (béing after ſupper) he brake wind: which Calena hearing, oh ſonne (quoth ſhe) it is the collicke that troubles thée, to bed man, to bed, and we wil haue a warme pot-lid. The collicke mother, no, tis a diſeaſe that al the cunning women in the country cannot cure, and ſtrangely it holdes me: for ſometimes it holdes me in the head, ſome whiles in mine eyes: my hart, my hart, oh there (my mother) it plaies the diuel in a morter: ſomwhile it is like a froſt, colde: ſometimes as a fire, hotte: when I ſhould ſléepe, then it makes me wake: when I eate, it troubles my ſtomache: when I am alone, it makes me crie right out, I can wet one of my new lockeram napkins with weéping. It came to me by a great chance: for as I lokt on a faire flower, a thing, I know not what, crept in at mine eyes, & ranne round about al my vaines, and at laſt, gat into my hart,

and

and there euer ſince hath remayned, and their mother euer ſince ſo wrings me, that Mullidor muſt die, and with that ſhe fell on weeping. Callena ſeeing her ſonne ſhed teares, fell to her hempen apron, and wipte her bleared eyes, and at laſt demanded of him if it were not loue. At that queſtion he hung downe his head, & ſighed. Ah my ſonne (quoth ſhe) now I ſee tis loue: for ſhe is ſuch a ſneaking fellowe, that if he but leape in at the eye lid, and dine downe into the heart, and there reſts as cold as a ſtone, yet touch him, and he will ſcreeke: for tell me Mullidor, what is ſhe that thou loueſt, and will not loue thee? If thee be a woman, as I am, ſhe cannot but fancie thee: for mine eye, though it be now old (& with that vp went her apron and ſhe wipte them cleere) hath beene a wanton when it was young, and would haue choſen at the firſt glance, the proppereſt ſpring all in the Parish: and truſt me Mullidor, but be not proud of it, when I looke on thee, I find thee ſo louely, that I count her worſe than accurſt, would not chuſe thee for her Paramour. With theſe words Mullidor beganne to ſmile, and troubled his mother ere ſhe had halfe ended her tale, on this manner.

Mother, I may rightly compare the Church to a looking glaſſe, for as a man may ſee himſelfe in the one, & there ſee his proportion: ſo in the other, the wenches eyes are a teſtificate: for vpon whome you ſee all the girles looke, he for ſute and face, carries away the bell, and I am ſure, for theſe two yeeres, I neuer came into the Church, & was no ſooner ſet, but the wenches began to winke one on another, to looke on me and laugh. Oh ware mother when a dogge wagges his taile, he loues his maſter, and when a wanton laughes, for my life ſhe is ouer the head & eares in loue. Then if my fortune ſerue me to be ſo well thought on, why ſhould I not venture on her I loue? It is (mother) Seladors daughter Mirimida. Now Gods bleſſing on thy heart (quoth Callena) for louing ſuch a ſmugge laſſe, marrie her (my ſonne) and thou ſhalt haue my benizon in a clowte. Mirimida? marie it is no maruell, if thy cheekes be fallen for her: why ſhe is the faireſt bloſſome in all the Towne: to her ſonne, to her, trick thy ſelfe vp in thy beſt reparel, & make no bones of it, but on a wooing: for womens deſires, I may tell thee boy, are like childrens fancies, woone oft with an Apple, when they refuſe an Angell:

and

and Mullidor, take this with thée and feare not to spéde: A womans frowne is not euer an instance of choller: if she refuse thée outwardly, she regardes thée inwardly, and if she shake thée vp, and bid thée be packing, haue the better hope, Cats & dogges come together by scratching: if she smile, then sonne, say to thy selfe, she is thine, and yet Women are wilie cattel, for I haue séene a woman laugh with anger, and kisse him shée hath desired to kil: she wil be coy (Mullidor) but care not for that, tis but a thing of course: speake thou faire, promise much, praise her highly, commend her beautie aboue al, and her vertue more then al, sigh often, and shew thy self ful of passions, and as sure as thy cap is of wool, the wench is thine.

Mullidor hearing his mother giue such good counsaile, sayde hée would leopard a ioint, and the next day haue a fling at her. With that he sayd, his hart was eased, and his stomack somewhat come downe with her good perswasions: whereupon the Kimbry was opened, and he turned me ouer a cantle of Chéese & went to bed. The nert morning vp he rose & his holy day roabes went on, his startups new blackt, his cap faire brusht, & a cleane lockeram band. Thus atired, away flings Mullidor to the field, and carried away his shéep, and led them into the plaines, where Mirimida sought to fede her flocks: comming there, he met her al alone, sitting al alone vnder a Beech tree, weauing of Nettes to catch birds: as soone as Mullidor spyed her, his hart leapt for ioy, and shée séeing him, laught, which was a great helpe to his courage, that rushing roughly towards her he said thus.

Mistris Mirimida, here is wether that makes grasse plentie, and shéepe fatte, by my troth there neuer came a more plenteous yéere: and yet I haue one shéepe in my folde thats quite out of liking, and if you knew the cause, you would meruaile. The other day as he was grasing, he spied a spotted ewe féeding before him, with that he fel to gaze on her, and that so long, that hée wagged his taile for very ioy, hée came to her, and with a sheepish curtisie courted her, the ewe was coy and butted him, which stroke him so to the hart, that casting a sheepseie at her, away he goes, and euer since he lies by himselfe and pines away. I pray you Mistris Mirimida what thinke you of this ewe? Mirimida perceiuing by this smile, that little wit had oft fancies, and swéet

were within the compaſſe of Loues warrant: whereupon thinking to bring him into a paradice, ſhe made this anſwere.

I am an il iudge Mullidor, and yet becauſe I am a Shephearde ſſe, and this is a ſheapiſh queſtion, that the Ewe ſhould bee the firſt that ſhould bee fatted of al the flocke: and in reuenge of her cruelty, ſold to the Butcher. For I tel thee Mullidor, ſhe that is cruel in loue, is like to a Roſe, that pricks when it ſhould be gathered. Say you ſo Mirimida (quoth he:) then may I be the bolder to breake out my mind vnto you: for ſurely I am the ſheep that euer ſince I markt your beautie, haue beene inflamed with your ſweet lookes, and not daring boult out mine affection, haue pined away, as you may ſee by my cheekes: and refuſe my foode: and you Mirimida, are the Caw that hath caught Mullidor captiue. Therefore now that I vtter howe I loue, and couet howe you ſhould loue againe: take heede you refuſe not, for if you do, by my iudgement you ſhal be ſold to the Butcher for your crueltie. Mirimida, hearing the aſſe ruffle in his rude eloquence ſmild to her ſelfe, and thought that Venus fires aſwel warme the poore as the rich, and that deformity was no meanes to abridge fancy, whereupon ſhe replied thus. Why Mullidor, are you in loue: and with mee, is there none but Mirimida that can fit your eye: being ſo many beautiful damzels in Theſſalie? take heede man, look before you leape, leaſt you fal into the ditch: I am not good enough for ſo proper a man as your ſelfe, eſpecially being his mothers eldeſt ſonne: what Mullidor let me counſaile you, there are more maids then Malkin, & the country hath ſuch choyce as may breed your better content: for my part at this time, I meane not to marry. Tis no matter, quoth Mullidor, what you ſay: for my mother told me, that maids at firſt would be coy when they are woed, and minſe it as it were a Hare ouer a mouthful of thiſtles, and yet were not a whit the worſe to be likte, for twas a matter of cuſtome. Wel then Mullidor quoth Mirimida, leaue off at this time to talke of loue, and hope the beſt: to morrowe perchance it wil be better, for women are like vnto children, that wil oft refuſe an apple, and ſtraight cry for the paring, & when they are moſt hungry, then for ſullenneſſe faſt: This Mullidor quoth ſhe, is the frowardnes of loue. Mary then quoth he, if they haue childrens malaties, twere good to vſe childrens medicines,

and

and thats a rod, for be they neuer so frowarde, a lesse or two will make them forward: and if that would bring women to a good temper, my mother hath a stiffe cudgel, and I haue a good arme.

Thus these two past away the day, til presently they espyed a far off a Gentleman with a hawke on his fist, to come riding towards them, who drawing nie, and seeing so faire a Nymph, reind his horse and stood still, as Acteon when he gazed at Diana: at the last he alighted, and comming towards her, saluted her thus curteously. Faire virgin, when I saw such a sweet saint with such a crooked apostle, I straight thought Venus had beene walking abroad to take the aire with Vulcan: but as soone as mine eies began narrowly to make survey of thy beauty, I found Venus blemisht with thy rare excellency: Happy are these sheepe that are folded by such a paragon: and happy are those sheepeheards that enioy the presence of such a beauteous creature, no maruel if Apollo became a swain, or Mercury a neat-herd when their labours are recompenst with such loues. My selfe, faire damosel, if either my decree were worthy, or my deserts any, would craue to haue entertainment to become your duetifull seruant. At this while Mirimida held downe her head, and blusht: at last, lifting vp her eies full of modesty, and her face full of chaste colours, such as florish out the fronts of Dianaes virgins, she made the Gentleman this answer. My seruant sir? (said she) no, your worth is far aboue my wealth, & your dignitie too high for my degree, poore country Damsells must not aime too hie at fortune, nor flie too fast in desires, least looking at their feete with the peacocke, they let fall their plumes, & so shame at their owne follies: but if my degree were so great as to entertaine such seruants, I must bestow vpon them some changeable liuery, to shew the varietie of their mindes: for certaine, mens hearts are like to the Polipe, that will change into all colours but blew, and their thoughts into all affects but constancie: in that sir, your eye dazeled and mistooke me, for Venus, you gazde against the sunne, and so blemisht your sight, or elle you haue eaten of the rootes of hemlocke, that make mens eyes conceit vnseene obiects: howsoeuer (as I take you for a Gentleman) so I take your drayle for a frumpe: and so your way lies before you: we must folde our sacks, and you may be gone when you please. In faith quoth he,

Oenone chose Paris for her Phere in her labours, and her felowe in her loues: thinking the sweetest face the best fairing for a gentlewomans eye: But you contrarie haue got a smoakie Vulcan, as Venus, to set out your excellencie: for as a Christal placed by Jeate, seemes the more pure: so a beauteous Paragon shews the more faire, ioyned with a deformed peasant. Mullidor hearing the Gentleman thus abuse his patience, as a man conceited in his owne propernesse, and especially afore Mirimida, thwarted him thus. You maister meacocke that stand vpon the beauty of your churnmilke face: as brag with your Buzzard on your fist, as a Sow vnder an apple tree, know that we contry swaines as we are not beholding to Nature for beautie, so wee little account of fortune for any fauour: Tush man, my crookebacke hardoreth more honest condition, then thy fleering countenance, and these course suites, can fetch more pence then thy silkes: for I beleeue thou makest a sconce of the Mercers booke: thou hast made such sure entrance there, that thou wilt neuer from thence till thou beest torne out by the eares. Goodman Courtier, wee haue queste stomackes that will hardly brooke them: and therefore fine foole, be gone with your foule, or I wil so belabour you, as you shal feele my fingers this fortnight: and with that Mullidor heaued vp his sheepehooke, and bent his browes, so that the gentleman giuing Mirimida the adue, he put spurs to his horse, and went away.

At this manly part of Mullidor, Mirimida laught hartily, and he tooke a great conceipt: that he had shewed himselfe such a tall man: Vpon this, Mirimida gaue him a nosegaye which stucke in her bosome for a fauour, which hee accepted so gratefully, as if another had giuen him a tunne of gold. Night drew on, and they folded their sheep and departed, shee to her father, and he to olde Calena, as ioyfull a man as Paris, when hee had the promise from Venus: he plodded on his way with his head ful of passions, and his hart ful of new thoughts, and stil his eye was vpon the nosegay, insomuch that he stoode in a doubt whether it were Loue, or some other fury than Loue, that thus hincht him and pincht him: at last he fel with himselfe into this kinde of meditation. Now do I perceiue that loue is a purgation, and searches euery veine, that though it enter in at the eie, yet it runs

to

to the heart, and then it kéepes an olde coyle, where it worketh like a Iuglers bore. O Ioue thou art like to a flea which biteth sore and yet leapest away and art not to be founde, or to a pot of strong ale, that maketh a man cal his father whoreson, so both of them bewitch a mans wits that he knoweth not a B. from a battledore. Infortunate Mullidor, and therefore infortunate, bicause thou art ouer the eares in loue, and with whome? with Mirimida, whose eyes are like to sparks of fire, and thine like a pownd of butter, like to be melted with her beauty, and to consume with the fyring flame of fancy. Ah Mullidor, her face is like to a redde and white Daisie growing in a grene meddow, and thou like a Bée, that commest and suckest hony from it, & carriest it home to the hiue with a heaue and hoe, that is as much to say, as with a head ful of woes, and a heart ful of sorrows and maladies. Be of good chéere, Mirimida laughs on thée, and thou knowest a womans smile is as good to a louer, as a sun-shine day to a hay maker, she shewes thée kinde lokes, and calls many a shepes eye at thée, which signifies that she counts the man worthy to iumpe a mach with her, nay more Mullidor, she hath giuen thée a nosegay of flowers, wherein as a top-gallant for al the rest, is set in Rosemary for remembrance: Ah Mullidor, chéere thy selfe, feare not, loue and fortune fauors lusty lads, cowards are not friends to affection, therefore venture, for thou hast won her, els had she not giuen thée this nosegay: and with this remembring himselfe he start vp, left off his amorous passions & trudgeth home to his house, where comming in, olde Calena stumbles to see in what humor her sonne came home, frolick he was, and his cap on the one side, hé askt if supper were ready, his mother séeing his stomacke was good, thought there was some hope of her sons good fortune, and therfore said, there was a pudding in the pot that is almost inough, but sonne quoth shé, what newes? what successe in thy loues? how doth Mirimida like thée? Ah mother qd. Mullidor, and he smiled, how should I be vsed, but as one that was wrapped in his mothers smocke when hé was borne? Can the sun want heat, and the winter cold, or a proper man be denied his sutes? No mother, assone as I began to circumglaze her with my Sophistry, and to fetch her about with two or thrée venies, from mine eyes I gaue her such a thump on the breast, that

ſhe would ſcarce ſay no: I told her my mind, and wrapt her in the prodigalitie of my wit, that ſhe ſaid another time ſhould: but then we parted laughing, with ſuch a ſweet ſmile that made mée loſe in the haſt like a budgin dagger: ſhe gaue me this noſegay for a fauour, which how I eſteeme it, geſſe you: thus haue I vſed her in kindneſſe, and ſhe vſed mée in curteſie: and ſo I hope wee ſhal make a friendly concluſion. By my troth, quoth ſhee, and I hope no leſſe, for I tel you, when maides giue giftes, they meane wel, and a woman if ſhe laugh with a glauncing loke, wiſheth it were neither to do nor vndone: ſhe is thine, my ſonne, feare not: and with that ſhe layd the cloth & ſet victuals on the bord, where Mullidor tried himſelfe ſo tal a trencher-man, that his Mother perceiued by his drift he would not die for loue. Leauing this paſſionate lubber to the conceit of his loues: let vs returne to the yong courtier called Radagon, who trotting a ſoft pace vpon his courſer, ſeing the ſun now bright, and then ouerſhadowed with clowdes, began to compare the ſtate of the weather fantaſtically to the humour of his Mirimidaes fancies: ſaying, then Phœbus was eclipſt with a vapour, then ſhe lowred, when he ſhewed his glory in his brightnes, then ſhe ſmiled. Thus he dallied in an vncoth motion ſo long, that at laſt hée beganne to féele a fire that fretted to the hart. Ryding thus in a quandary he entred into the conſideration of Mirimidaes beautie, whereupon frolickly in an extemporate humor he made this Sonnet.

Radagons Sonnet.

No cleere appear'd vpon the azurd ſky,
A vale of ſtormes had ſhaddowed *Phœbus* face,
And in a ſable mantle of diſgrace
Sate he that y'cleeped heauens bright eye,
As though that he,
Perplext for *Clitia*, meant to leaue his place,
And wrapt in ſorrowes did reſolue to die:
For death to louers is euer nye:
Thus folded in a hard and mourneful blaze,
Diſtreſt ſate hee.
A miſtie fogge had thickned al the ayre,
Iris late foletime and denied her ſhowres:

Neuer too late.

Flora in tawnie hid vp all her flowers,
And would not diaper her meades with faire,
As though that ſhee
Were armd vpon the barren earth to lowre.
Vnto the founts *Diana* nild repaire,
But ſate as ouerſhadowed with diſpaire,
Solemne and ſad within a withered bower,
Her Nymphs and ſhe.
Mars malecontent lay ſicke on *Venus* knee,
Venus in dumps ſate muffled with a frowne,
Iuno layd al her frolicke humors downe,
And *Ioue* was al in dumpes as wel as ſhe.
Twas Fates decree,
For *Neptune* (as he meant the world to drowne,)
Heau'd vp his ſurges to the higheſt tree,
And leagu'd with *Eol*, mard the Seamans glee.
Beating the Cedar, with his billowes downe,
Thus wroth was he.
My miſtris deines to ſhew her ſunne-bright face,
The ayre cleerd vp, the clowdes did fade away,
Phœbus was frolicke when ſhe did diſplay
The gorgeous beauties that her front doe grace,
So that when ſhee
But walkt abroade, the ſtormes then fled away,
Flora did checker al her trading place,
And *Neptune* calmde the ſurges with his mace,
Diana and her Nimphs were blithe and gay,
When her they ſee.
Venus and *Mars* greed in a ſmile:
And iealous *Iuno* ceaſed now to lowre,
Ioue ſaw her face and ſighed in his bowre,
Iris and *Eol* laugh within a while
To ſee this glee:
Ah borne was ſhe within a happy houre
That makes heauen, earth, and Gods and al to ſmile:
Such wonders can her beauteous works compile,
To cleere the world from any froward lower,
Ah bleſt be ſhee.

When

When Radagon had framde his fancie, he began with ſundry inſuing thoughts to conſider, that ſhe was beautiful & of a baſe countrey breede, where vertue alſoone dwelleth as in high dignities: that her wit was ſharpe, and Nature had done her part to make her euery way excellent, as wel in exteriour perfection, as in inward qualities: though her fortunes were lowe, yet her deſires were modeſt: and prowd ſhe could not be, as being poore, to be peeuiſh were bootles, in that her hope did not aſpire, hir looks bewrayd ſhe was no wanton: & her blushing, that ſhe was baſhful: euery way ſhe ſeemed vertuous, as ſhe was beautiful.

The conſideration of her excellencie ſo pierced the hart of Radagon, that from liking he fel to loue, from ſmal prayſes vnto great paſſions. Muſh quoth he, though wedlocke bee a thing ſo doubtful & dangerous to deale withal, as to ſeeke roſes amongſt thornes, Eeles amongſt Scorpions, & one pure potion amongſt a thouſand boxes of confection, yet nature doth eſtabliſh it as neceſſary, Law as honeſt, and reaſon as profitable. Some Cynicke (as Diogenes) wil thwart it with a dilemma & ſay that for yong men tis too ſone, for old men too late to marry: concluding ſolenigmatically, it were not good to marry at al: other wil ſay as Arminius a ruler of Carthage ſayde, who being importunatelie perſwaded to marry, anſwered, no ſaid he, I dare not, for if I chance vpon one that is wiſe, ſhe wil be wilful, if welthy the wãton, if poore then peeuiſh, if beautiful then prowd, if deformed the loathſome: and the leaſt of theſe is able to kil a thouſand men. In deede I can not deny but oft *ſub melle latat venenum*, that vertue is like a boxeof Iuory containing ſome baleful Aconiton, or to a faire ſhow that wrings the ſote: ſuch loue as is laide vpon ſuch a foundation, is a ſhort pleaſure ful of paine, & an affection bought with a thouſand miſeries, but a woman that is faire & vertuous maketh her huſband a ioyful man, and whether he be rich, or poore, yet alwayes he may haue a ioyful heart. A woman that is of a ſilent tongue, ſhamefaſt in countenance, ſober in behauior and honeſt in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities correſpondent, is like a goodly pleaſant flower, deckt with the colors of al the flowers of the garden: and ſuch a one (quoth he) is Mirmida, and therefore, though ſhe be poore, I wil loue her, and like her: and if ſhe wil fancie me, I wil make her my wife. And vp-

on

on this he resolued to prosecute his sute towards her, insomuch that as soone as he came home and had rested himselfe a while, he stept to his standish, and wrote her a letter.

Radagon was not more pained with this passionate malady then poore Eurymachus, who could take no rest, although euery day in her pretence he fed his eye with the beautie of her face: but as the Hidaspis, the more he drinks, the more thirstie he is, so Eurymachus, the more he looked, the more he loued, as hauing his eye deeply enamoured of the obiect: reueale any more his sute he durst not, because when he began to chat of loue, she shakt him off, and ether flung away in a rage, or else forst him to fal to other prattle, insomuch that he determined to discourse his mind in a letter, which he performed as cunningly as he could, & sent it her. Mullidor that alle rapt out his reasons diuers times to Mirimida, vntil she was weary of the grosmes importunate follies, and so with a sharp word or two, nipt him on the pate: whereupon asking his mothers counsaile, she perswaded him to write vnto Mirimida, although he and a pen, were as fit as an asse and a harp: yet he bought him paper, and stealing into the Churchyard vnder an Appletree, there in his Muses he framed a letter and sent her. Thus had fortune (meaning to be merrie) appointed in her secret synode, that al these three should vse one meanes to possesse their loues, and brought it so to passe, that the three letters from these three riuals were deliuered at one instant: which when Mirimida saw, she sate her downe & laught, wondring at the rarenes of this chance, that shuld on a moment bring such a conceit to passe: at last (for as then she was leading forth her sheepe) shee sate her downe, and looking on the superscription, said to her selfe: what, Adamants are faire faces, that can draw both rich, poore, and soles to lodge in the laborinth of their beauties: at this shee sighed, and the first letter she broke open, because he was her first Louer, was Eurymachus. The contents whereof, were these.

Eurymachus the Shepheard, to *Mirimida* the Goddesse of Thessaly.

WHen (Mirimida) I sit by thy sweet selfe, & wonder at thy present sight, fading as the Rose vpon the wealth of thy beauties, the conceit of thine excellency driues me into an extasy

that I came vnto with ouer-much delight: for Nature sets down this as an authenticke principle.

Sensibile sensui suppositum nulla fit sensatio.

If the flower be put in the nostril there is no smel: the colour clapt close to the eye, blemisheth the sight: so a Louer in presence of his Mistris, hath the organs of his speech tied, that hee conceales with silence, and sighs out his smothered passions with sorrowes.

Ah Mirimida, cõsider that loue is such a fire, as either wil burst forth, or burne the house: it is such a streame as wil either haue his course, or breake through the banks and make a deluge, or els force their hart strings crack with secrecie. Then Mirimida, if I be lauish in my pen, blame me not that I am so laden with loue: if I be bold, attribute it to thy beauty, not my impudency: and think what I ouer rare in, it growes through the extreamity of loyal affection, which is so deeply imprinted in my thoughts, as neither time can diminish, nor misfortune blemish. I ayme not (Mirimida) at thy wealth, but at thy vertues: for the more I cõsider thy perfection, the more I grow passionate, and in such an humor, as if thou deny, there is no meanes to cure my malady, but the salue which healeth al incurable sores, and that is death. Therfore (sweet Mirimida) consider of my loues, & vse me as my loyalty deserues: let not my pouerty put in any barre, nor the baseness of my birth be any excuse of thy affection, weigh my desires, not my degrees, and either lend me a speedy plaister to salue my dispayring passions, or a corasiue to cut off my lingring sorrowes, either thy fauours with life, or thy denial with death, betweene which I rest in hope til I heare thine answer.

Thine, who can be no others but thine,
the Shepheard *Eurymachus*.

To the end of this letter (for that he would run descant vpon his wit) he set downe a Sonnet written in the forme of a Madrigale, thus.

Eurymachus in laudem Mirimidæ.

his Motto.

Inuita fortuna dedivota concordia.

WHen *Flora* prowd in pomp of al her flowers,
Sate bright and gay,

And

And gloried in the dew of *Iris* flowers,
And did display
Her mantle, chequered all with gawdy greenes.
Then I
alone
A mournfull man in *Ericine* was seene,
With folded armes I trampled through the grasse,
Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortunes brittle glasse,
And loue, to be
Like Fortune, fleeting as the restles wind,
Mixed
With mists,
Whose damp doth make the cleareſt eye grow blind.
Thus in a maze I spied a hideous flame.
I cast my sight
And saw where blithely bathing in the same
With great delight,
A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweat,
And yet
twas strange
It careleſſe lay and shrunke not at the heat.
I stood amazd, and wondring at the sight
While that a dame
That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,
Discourst the same,
And said, my friend, this worme within the fire
Which lies
content,
Is *Venus* worme, and represents desire.
A Salamander is this princely beast,
Deckt with a crowne
Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous creſt
Gainſt Fortunes frowne,
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
not forth,
For why, he cannot liue without the same.

As he, ſo Louers lies within the fire,
Of feruent loue,
And ſhrinke not from the flame of hot deſire,
Nor wil not moue,
From any heat that *Venus* force imparts:
But he
Content
Within a fire, and waſte away their hearts.
Vp flew the dame, and vaniſht in a cloud.
But there ſtoode I,
And many thoughts within my mind did ſhroud.
My loue: for why
I felt within my heart a ſcorching fire,
And yet
As did
The Salamander, twas my whole deſire.

Mirimida hauing read this Sonnet ſhe ſtraight (being of a pregnant wit) conceited the drift of this Madrigale, ſmiled and laid it by, and then next toke vp Radagons letter, which was written to this effect.

Radagon of *Theſſalie*, to the faire Shepheard-deſſe *Mirimida* health.

I Cannot tel (faire Mistris) whether I ſhould praiſe Fortune as a friend, or curſe her as a foe, hauing at vnwares preſented me with the view of your perfection, which ſight may be either the ſumme of my bliſſe, or the beginning of my bale: for in you reſts the ballance either to weigh me downe my due with curteſie, or my denial with extreame vnkindnes. Such as are prickt with the bones of the Dolphin heare muſicke, & they are preſently healed of their malady: they which are enuenoumed with the Viper, rub the ſore with Rubarb and ſéele a remedy, & thoſe which drink Aconiton, are cured by Antidotes. But loue is like the ſting of a Scorpion, it muſt be ſalued by affection: for neither charme, heard, ſtone, nor mineral hath vertue to cure it: which made Apollo exclaime this paſſion.

Hei mihi quod nullis Amor eſt medicabilis herbis.

With the same distresse (swéet Mirimida) am I pained, who lighting by chance as Paris did in the vale of Idea vpon Venus, but I feare me lesse curteous then Venus. I haue no golden apple (faire Nymph) to present thee with, so to proue thée supreme of beauty: but the deuotion of my thoughts is offered humbly at thy féete, which shal euer confesse none so beauteous as Mirimida. Then as Venus for reward gaue Paris Helena, so curteous Nymph, beprodigal of thy fauors, and giue me thy hart, which shal be to me more deare then a hundred Helens.

But here perhaps thou wilt obiect, that mens pleas are like Painters Pensels, which draw no substance but shadowes, that to the worst proportions giue the richest colours, & to the coursest pictures the finest glasses, that what we write is of course, and when we finde passions, then are we least passionat, hauing sorrowfull pens when we haue secure harts, and lowring lookes when we haue laughing thoughts. I cannot deny (swéete Mistris) but that hot loues are like a baums blaze, & that men can promise more in a moment, then they wil performe in a month. I know there was a Demophoon that deceiued Phillis, an Æneas that falsified his faith to Dido, a Theseus that forsooke his Ariadne: yet measure not al by some mens mindes: of a few particular instances, conclude not general axiomes: though some haue bin fleeting, thinke not al to be false: try me, I referre your passions to my proofe, and as you find me loyal, so reward mee with loue. I craue no authentical grant, but a superficial fauor: say (Mirimida) that Radagon shal be welcome if he be faithful, & then my hope shal comfort my hart. In which suspence I rest confused at the barre of your curteste. Farewel.

Mirimidaes Radagon, though she will not
be *Radagons Mirimida*.

This she read ouer twise and blusht at it, as féeling a little heat, but straight she sighed, and shakt it from her heart, and had laid it by, but that turning ouer the next page, she espied certaine verses, which was a Canzon pend thus.

Radagon in *Dianam*.

Non fuga Tucrus amat: quæ tamen odit habet.

It was a valley gawdy greene,
Where *Dian* at the fount was seene,
Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of *Dianaes* Bowers,
In the pride of *Floraes* flowers.
A fount it was that no Sunne sees,
Circled in with *Cypres* trees,
Set so nie,
As *Phœbus* eye
Could not doe the virgin scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.
She sate there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight.
Virgins so
Ought to goe,
For white in Armory is plac't,
To be the colour that is chaste.
Her taffata Cassocke might you see,
Tucked vp about her knee.
Which all did show
There below
Legs as white as Whales bone,
So white and chaste was neuer none.
Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie,
Fie on *Venus* flattering eie.
Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witlesse, and a boy.
All her fires
And desires
Are plagues that God sent from on hie,
To pester men with misery.
As thus the Virgins did disdaine,
Louers ioy, and Louers paine.

Cupid nie
Did espie
Grieuing at *Dianaes* song,
Slily stole these maides among.
His bow of steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eies,
And at the entrance made them start;
For it ranne from eye to hart.
Calisto strait supposed *loue*,
Was faire and frolicke for to loue.
Dian she
Scapt not free,
For well I wot hereupon
She lou'd the swaine *Endymion*.
Clitia, *Phœbe*, and *Cloris* eye,
Thought none so faire as *Mercurie*:
Venus thus
did discusse,
By her sonne in darts of fire,
None so chaste to checke desire;
Dian rose with all her maides,
Blushing thus at loues braids,
With sighes all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging hence pronounce this Saw,
What so strong as Loues sweet law?

Mirimida hauing read the letter of Radagon, perceiued that loue was in his eyes, and perhaps had fillie toucht his hart: but she that was charie of her choise, and resolute, not to fetter her selfe with fansie, did passe ouer these passions, as men doe the shadowes of a Painters pensell, which while they view, they praise, & when they haue praised, passe ouer without any more remembrance: yet she could not but enter into the humorous reach of his conceit, how he checkt the toy disdaine of women in his Sonnet: she blusht, & her thoughts went away with her

bloud,

bloud, and so she lighted on the letter that Mullidor had sent her, which droue him into a pleasant vaine. The effects of his passions were these.

Mullidor the male-content, with his pen elapt full of loue, to his Mistris *Mirimida* greeting.

After my harty commendations remembred, hoping you be in as good healthy, as I was at the making hereof. This is to certefie you, that loue may wel be compared to a bottle of hay, which once set on fire, will neuer be quenched: or to a cup ful of strong ale, which when a man hath once tasted, he neuer leaues til he hath dronke it al vp: so Mistris Mirimida, after the furious flames of your eyes had set my poore heart vpon the coales of loue, I was so scorched on the gridiron of affection, that I had no rest til I was almost turned to a coale, and after I had tasted of the liquor of your sweet phisnomie, I neuer left supping of your amiable countenance, til with loue I was almost ready to burst. Consider with your selfe faire Shepheardize, that poore men féele paine aswel as Princes: that Mullidor is sicke of such a mallady, as by no meanes may be cured, vnlesse your selfe lay a seare-cloth to draw away my sorrowes: then be pittiful to me lest you be counted disdaineful, to put so trusty a louer out of his right wits, for there no hoe, but either I must haue you, or else for very plaine loue run mad. It may be (Mirimida) you thinke me to base for your beautie: why, when you haue married me, I am content to serue you as a man, and to doe al those indeauours that belongs to a seruant, and rather to hold you for my Mistris, then my wife: then séeing you shal haue the soueraignty at my hands, which is a thing that al women desire: loue me sweete Mirimida, and think this, if you match with me, old Calena my mother hath that in a clowte, that wil do vs both good. Thus hoping you wil ponder my passions in your minde, and be more curteous then to cast away a young man for loue. Farewel.

Yours halfe mad, because he would be yours, *Mullidor* the male-content.

Such

Such a poeticall furie toke Mullidor in the braines, that he thought to shew his paine in verse, and therefore annexed to his letter this pleasant Ditty.

Mullidors Madrigale.

Dildido, dildido,
Oh loue, oh loue,
I feele thy rage rumble below and aboue.

In sommer time I saw a face.
Trop belle pour moy helas helas,
Like to a ston'd horse was her pace:
Was euer young man so dismaid?
Her eyes like waxe torches did make me afraid
Trop belle pour moy aide mon tresspas.

Thy beauty (my loue) exceedeth suppose,
Thy haire is a nettle for the nicest roses,
Mon dieu aide moy.
That I with the Primrose of my fresh wit,
May tumble her tirrany vnder my feete,
He donque ie seray vn iune roy.
Trop belle pour moy helas helas,
Trop belle pour moy voila mon tresspas.

Mirimida hauing read this humorous fancy of Mullidor, began thus to meditate with her selfe. Listen not fond wench vnto loue, for if thou dost, thou learnest to lose, thou shalt find greefe to bee thy gaines, and folly the pay-mistris that rewardes al amorous trauels. If thou wed thy selfe to Radagon, thou aymest beyond thy reach: and loking higher then thy fortunes, thou wilt repent thy desires: for Mirimida, affects beyond compasse, haue oftimes effects, rich roabes haue not euer sweet content, and therefore the meane is the merriest honor. What then, must Eurymachus be al these thinges be the man that must make vp the match? he is a shepheard and harbours quiet in his cottage, his wishes are not aboue his wealth, nor doth his conceite climbe higher then his

deſerts. He hath ſufficient to ſhrowd thée from want, & to maintaine the ſtate of an honeſt life. Shepheardes wrong not their wiues with ſuſpition, nor do Country Swaines eſteeme leſſe of their loues thã higher degrées. But Mirimida, meane men haue frownes as wel as Kings: the leaſt haire hath his ſhaddow, the fly her ſpleene, the Ant her gal, and the pooreſt Peaſant his choller. Peſants can weeld a cudgel better then a great Lord, and diſſention will haue a fling amongſt the meaneſt. If therfore mariage muſt haue her inconueniẽce, better golden giues then yron fetters. What ſayeſt thou then to Mullidor? that he is Mullidor, and let that ſuffice to ſhake him off as a fole: for it were thy diſcredit to haue only a Woodcock to keep the Woolf frõ the doore. Why then meaneſt thou not to loue? No fond laſſe, if thou bée wiſe: for what is ſweéter then liberty? And what burthen heauier then the fill of a froward huſband. Amongſt many Scorpions thou lokeſt for one Ele: amongſt a hedge ful of nettles for one flower: amongſt a thouſand flatterers for one that is faithful: and yet when thou haſt him, thy thoughts are at his wil, and thy actions are limited to his humors. Beware Mirimida, ſtrike not at a ſtale, becauſe it is painted: though honey be ſweét, Bées haue ſtings: there is no ſweéter life then is chaſtity, for in that eſtate thou ſhalt liue commended and vncontrold.

Vpon this thée put vp the letters, and becauſe ſhe would not leade her Louers into a Labyrinth of hope, thée appointed them al to mẽte her at the ſheepfolds on one day & at one houre, where the Wooers that ſtod vpon thornes to heare their cenſure, mette without faile: After ſalutes paſt betweéne Mirimida, and them, ſhe began to parly with them thus.

Gentlemen, al riuals in loue & aimers at one fortune, though you thrée affect like deſire to haue Mirimidaes fauour, yet but one of you can weare the flower, & perhaps none: for it is as my fancy cenſures: therfore, are you content that I ſhal ſet down which of you, or whether none of you ſhal enioy the end of your ſutes, & who ſo is forſaken, to part hence with patience, & neuer more to talke of his paſſions? To this they al agreed, & ſhe made this anſwer. Why then Radagon and Eurymachus, weare you the willow Garland, not that I hold either your degrées or deſertes worthieſſe of a fairer then Mirimida: but that the deſtinies doe

so appoint to my desires, that your affects cannot worke in me any effects. At this Radagon and Eurymachus frowned, not so much that they were forsaken, but that so beautiful a Creature would wed her selfe to such a deformed asse as Mullidor, and the fole, he simpered it in hope to haue the wench. Now (quoth she) Mullidor may hope to be the man: but trust me, as I found him I leaue him, a dolt in his loues, & a fole in his fortunes. At this they laught, and he hung the head, and she left them all.

Radagon taking his Hawk to flie the partridge: Eurymachus marching with his shephooke to the folds: Mullidor hying home to his mother to recount his mishaps, & Mirimida singing that there was no Goddesse to Diana, no life to liberty nor no loue to chastity.

Francesco, Isabel, and al the rest of the guests applauded this discourse of the pleasant host, and for that it was late in the night they all rose, and taking their leaue of Francesco, departed, he and his wife, bidding their Host good night: & so going to bed, where we leaue them to leade the rest of ther liues in quiet.

Thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the discouery of youths follies, and a true discourse of a Gentlemans fortunes.

But now courteous Palmer (quoth the Gentleman) it rests that we craue, by your owne promise, the reason of your pilgrimage to Venice. That (quoth the Palmer) is discourst in a word: for know sir, that inioyning my selfe to penance for the follies of my youths passions, hauing liued in loue, and therfore reapt al my losse by loue: hearing that of al the Cities in Europe, Venice hath most semblance of Venus vanities. I go thither, not only to see fashions, but to quip at follies, that I may draw others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard.

The gentlewomen of Venice your neighbors, but vnknowne to me, haue more fauours in their faces, than vertue in their thoughts: & their beauties are more curious than their qualities be precious, caring more to be figured out with Helen, then to be famoused with Lucrece: they striue to make their faces gorgeous, but neuer seeke to fitte their minds to their God, and couet to haue more knowledge in loue than in religion: their eyes bewray their wantonnesse, not their modesty: and their lookes are lures that reclaime not Hawkes, but make them only bare at

dead tales: As the Gentlewomen, so are the men, lose liuers & straight louers, such as hold their consciences in their purses, and their thoughts in their eies, counting that howre il spent that in fancie is not mispent. Because therefore this great Citty of Venice is holden Loues Paradice, thither doe I direct my pilgrimage, that seeing their passions, I may, being a Palmer, winne them to penance, by shewing the miseries that Venus mirth with their momentary contentes: if not, yet I shal carrie home to my countrymen, salues to cure their sores: I shal see much, heare little, & by the insight into other mens extreames, returne more wary, meaning then to visite you and make you privy to all.

The hæedfull Host having inditially understod the pittiful report of the Palmer, giuing truce to his passions, with the teares he spent, and resolued to requite that thankfully which he had attended hæedfully, gaue this Catastrophe to his sad and sorrowful discourse. Palmer, thou hast with the Nitrell forethewed the storme ere it comes, painting out the shapes of love as liuely, as the grapes in Zeuxis tables were pourtrayed cunningly: thou hast lent youth Eagle eyes to behold the Sunne: Achilles sword to cut and recure, leauing those medicines to salue others, that hath lost thy selfe, and having burnt thy wings with the flye, by dallying too long with the fire: thou hast bequeathd others a lesson with the Unicorne, to prevent poyson by preserues, before thou taste with the lip. The only request I make in requital of my attention, is, that thou leaue certaine testimonies on these walls, wheron whensoeuer I looke, I shall remember Francescoes follies, and thy foresight.

The Palmer esteeming the courteous reply of his host, and desirous to satisfie his request, drawing blod from the vaine Cephalia, (on an arch of white Iuory, erected at the end of an Arbor, adorned with Honysuckles and Roses) he wrot thus with a pensel.

In greener yeares whenas my greedy thoughts
Gan yeeld their homage to ambitious wil,
My feeble wit that then preuailed noughts,
Perforce presented homage to his ill.
And I in follies bondes fulfild with crime,
As last vnloosde thus spide my losse of time.

As in his circuler and ceaſeleſſe ioy,
The yeare begins, and in it ſelfe returnes,
Refreſht by preſence of the eye of day,
That ſometimes nie, and ſometimes farre ſoiourns,
So loue in me (conſpiring my decay)
With endleſſe fire my heedleſſe boſome burnes:
And from the end of my aſpiring ſinne,
My paths of error hourely doth begin.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sunne renewes his beames,
Beholding mournful earth arraid in greefe,
That waites releefe from his refreſhing gleames
The tender flockes reioycing their reliefe,
Doe leape for ioy and lap the ſiluer ſtreames,
So at my prime when youth in me was cheefe.
Al Heifer-like with wanton horne I playd,
And by my wil, my wit to loue betrayd:

Taurus.

When *Phœbus* with *Europas* bearer bides,
The ſpring appeares, impatient of delaies,
The labourer to the fields his plough-ſwaines guides,
He ſowes, he plants, he buildes at all affaies
When prime of yeares that many errors hides,
By fancies force did trace vngodly wayes,
I blind fold walkt, diſdayning to behold,
That life doth vade, and young men muſt be olde.

Gemini.

When in the hold whereas the twinnes doe reſt,
Proud *Phlegon* breathing fire doth laſt amaine:
The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is dreſt,
When I in pride of yeares with peeuiſh braine
Preſum'd too far, and made fond loue my gueſt,
With froſts of care my flowers were nipt amaine,
In height of weale who beares a careleſſe hart,
Repents too late his ouerfoolifh part.

Cancer.

When in Æſtiual *Cancers* gloomy bower
The greater glory of the heauens doth ſhine,
The ayre is calme, the birds at euery ſtower,
To tempt the heauens with harmony diuine,
When I was firſt inthrald to *Cupids* power,
In vaine I ſpent the May month of my time,
Singing for ioy, to ſee my captiue thral
To him, whoſe gaines are griefe, whoſe comfort ſmall.

Leo.

When in the height of his Miridian walke,
The Lyons hold containes the eye of day,
The ryping corne growes yellow in the ſtalke,
When ſtrength of yeares did bleſſe me euery way,
Maskt with delights of folly was my talke,
Youth ripened al my thoughts to my decay,
In luſt I ſowd, my fruite was loſſe of time,
My hopes are proud, and yet my body ſlime.

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort ſteeps,
Bating the furie of his burning eyes,
Both corne and fruits are firmd, and comfort creepes
On euery plant and flowre that ſpringing riſe,
When age at laſt his chiefe dominion keepes,
And leades me on to ſee my vanities,
What loue and ſcant forecight did make me ſowe
In youthful yeeres, is ripened now in woe.

Libra.

When in the ballance *Daphnes* Leman blins,
The Plough-man gathereth fruite for paſſed paine,
When I at laſt conſidred of my ſinnes,
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine,
I caſt my count, and reaſon now begins
To guide mine eies with iudgement, bought with paine,

Which

Which weeping wiſh a better way to find,
Or els for euer to the world be blind.

Scorpio.

When with the Scorpion prowd *Apollo* playes,
The wines are trode and carried to their preſſe,
The woods are feld gainſt winters ſharpe affaires,
When grauer yeeres my iudgement did adreſſe,
I gan repaire my ruines and decayes:
Exchanging wil to wit and ſoothfaſtneſſe;
Claiming from Time and age no good but this,
To ſee my ſinne and ſorrow for my miſſe.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his winter holde;
The *Delian* Harper tunes his wonted loue,
The plough-man ſowes and tilles his laboured mold,
When with aduiſe and iudgement I approue,
How loue in youth hath greefe for gladneſſe ſold,
The ſeedes of ſhame I from my hart remoue,
And in their ſteedes I ſet downe plants of grace,
And with repent bewayld my youthful race.

Capricornus.

When he that in *Eurotas* ſiluer glide
Doth baine his treſſe, beholdeth *Capricorne*;
The day growes ſhort; then haſtes the winters tide,
The ſun with ſparing lights do ſeeme to mourne,
Gray in the greene, the flowers their beautie hide:
When as I ſee that I to death was borne,
My ſtrength decayd, my graue already dreſt,
I count my life my loſſe, my death my beſt

Aquarius.

When with *Aquarius Phœbes* brother ſtaies,
Cold froſt and ſnowes the pride of earth betrayes:
When age my head with hoarie haires doth fill,
Reaſon ſits downe and bids me count my daies,

And

And pray for peace and blame my frowarde wil,
In depth of griefe in this distresse I cry
Peccani Domine miserere mei.

Pisces.

When in the Fishes mansion *Phœbus* dwels,
The dayes renew, the earth regaines his rest:
When old in yeers my want my death forcrels,
My thoughts and prayers to heauen are whole addrest,
Repentance, youth by follie quite expels.
I long to be dissolued for my best:
That young in zeale, long beaten with my rod,
I may grow old to wisdome, and to God.

The Palmer had no sooner finished his circle, but the Host ouer-read his conceit, and wondring at the excellencie of his wit, from his experience began to suck much wisedome, and being verie loath to detaine his guest too long: after they had broken their fast, and the good man of the house courteouslie had giuen him thanks for his fauour, the Palmer set forward toward Venice: what there he did, or how he liued, when I am aduertised (good Gentleman) I wil send you tidings. Meane while, let euerie one learne (by Francescoes fal) to beware, least at last (too late) they be inforced to bewaile.

Finis.